

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1990

BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N



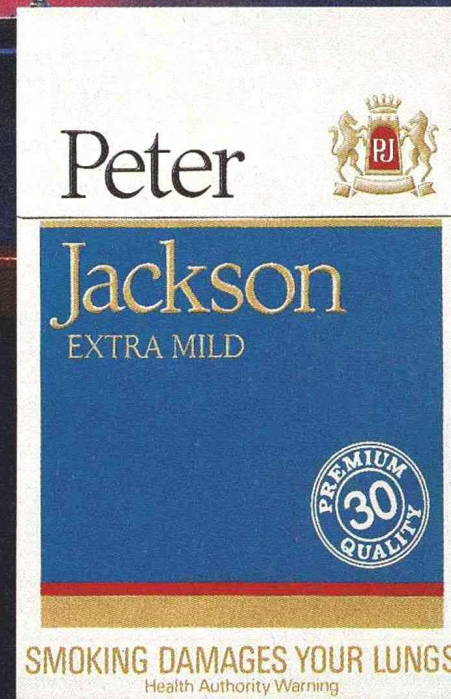
WHAT MEN THINK:

AUSTRALIAN MALES SPEAK OUT
ON WOMEN, SEX AND
THEIR STATUS IN THE '90S

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Peter Jackson n 30's.

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Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 11 No 9/September 1990 Black Label Edition



Cover by Michel Moreau

Table with 4 columns: Section, Content, Contributor, Page Number. Includes sections like FEEDBACK, FORUM, AUSTRALIA'S SEXIEST WOMAN, SEX, SPORT, FOOD & WINE, TRAVEL, MONEY, STATE OF THE ART, MODERN MALE DILEMMAS, ADVISOR, LOREE, KANTOR'S GALLERY, THE FIRING LINE, HELEN, ROCKS ON THE ROAD, VIZ BIZ, WHEELS OF FORTUNE, JUSTINE, THE MEN'S ROOM, KIM, BLAST-OFF!, DAVID & SAMANTHA, DESIREE, FILM, MICHELLE, JANE, SOUNDS, HOW GREEN WAS MY PLANET?, and LOOSE ENDS.

*Recommended price only



The Firing Line



Pet Of The Month



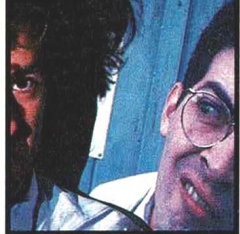
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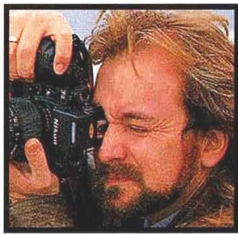
The Men's Room



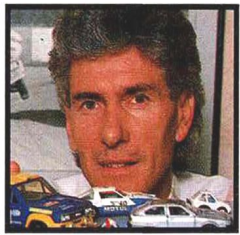
GEOFF HALL



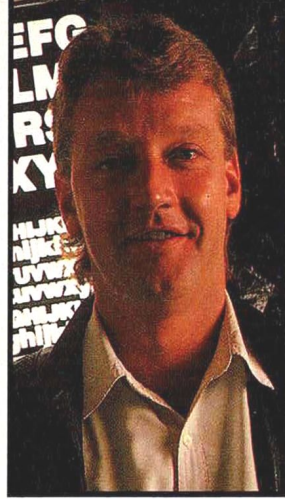
STUDIO DOOR 34



PAUL BURROWS



PETER MCKAY



GREG HUNTER

HOUSECALL

THE FIRING LINE

Gone are the days of scavenging from US Army rubbish dumps to improve the kits of Australian soldiers. Now our boys are getting the latest and greatest technology in small arms weaponry. Leading the charge is the new F88 AUSteyr assault rifle — at first a controversial choice but now considered a top gun by any standards. Joseph Allbeury explains why in words and photos on page 34.

VIZ BIZ

It started with an unemployed doodler selling photocopies of his cartoons around the streets of Newcastle, England. Now, with British sales at an incredible 1.2 million and an Australian version on our newsstands, Viz is a publishing phenomenon, a delightful comic fairy tale recounted by Senior Editor Greg Hunter on page 54.

AUSTRALIA'S SEXIEST WOMAN

Five years ago the Penthouse poll of 100 prominent Australians saw Jana Wendt placed on a pedestal as Australia's Sexiest Woman. Times and tastes have changed. Who is The One Most Lusted After by today's opinion leaders? Find out on page 12.

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

A collectable item — a serious investment — that can also cause the adrenalin to hit the red line is a rare thing. But there are motorcycles that can do it, if you know what to look for. Geoff Hall is a retired investment adviser and a motorcycle worshipper; you won't get better advice anywhere on which two-wheelers to sink your cash into. Turn to page 60.

THE MEN'S ROOM

For the past 15 years women have been doing a great deal of talking and writing on the subject of Australian men. You may have noticed that not all of it's been complimentary. Penthouse figured it was time to give males a voice in sort of "men's forum." In Part 1 of a two-part discussion/debate, a group of randomly selected Australian blokes lock horns on men, women, work and the feminist agenda. Senior Editor Greg Hunter tried to moderate the discussion while Studio Door 34 created the artwork. Turn to page 74.

BLAST-OFF!

The old generation of supercharged engines were mobile time bombs, likely to explode at the drop of a hat. New technology has changed all that. Motoring Editor Peter McKay blasted off in a new-fangled supercharged Range Rover and found the fast way to the polo grounds. His report is on page 88 with accompanying photography by Paul Burrows.

ROCKS ON THE ROAD

He bought a rucksack, a sleeping bag and a green tent from Paddy Pallin's. Then he stood on the old Highway One to adventure and stuck out his thumb. That's the beauty of hitch-hiking — you never know who'll pick you up. Chilling fiction from Julia Osborne, illustrated by Kelynn Alder. Turn to page 50.

SEPTEMBER



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Phil Abraham
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Creative Director: Mark Thacker; Art Director: Tim Donnellan; Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter; Copy Editor: Trish Murphy; Assistant Art Directors: Mark Renton, Nikki Brady; Production Controller: Brett Fuller; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Photographic Director: Susan Daub; Contributing Editors: Paul R. Wilson, Jeremy Cook, Al Goldstein; Typesetting: Excel Imaging Pty Ltd.

ADVERTISING

Advertising and Marketing Director: Howard Jenkins; National Sales Manager: Sarah Bowring; Advertising Traffic Manager: Cynthia Ragga; Vic: Bob Gaff, Brown Orr Fletcher Burrows P/L, 95 Palmerston Crescent, South Melbourne 3205. Tel: (03) 696 5188 Fax: (03) 696 5131; SA: Tony Giuliani, Cumberland Media, 12 Eaton Street, Cumberland Park 5041. Tel: (08) 373 1142; Qld: Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies Pty Ltd, PO Box 247, Kenmore 4069. Tel: (07) 202 6813 Fax: (07) 202 7133; Japan: Universal Media Corporation, CPO Box 46, Tokyo. Tel: 666 3036 Telex: 2524665 (KANDKJ).

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EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief & Publisher: Bob Guccione; Sr VP/ Graphics Director: Frank De Vito; VP/Art Director & Publisher International: Joe Brooks; Art Director: Richard Bleiweiss; Managing Editor: Robert Sabat; Editor: Peter Bloch.

ADMINISTRATIVE

Sr VP/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Sr VP/ Production Director: John Evans; Sr VP Associate Publisher: Don Myrus; Foreign Editions Manager: Michael Stevens.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel: (212) 496-6100. West Coast: 6728 Eton Ave, Canoga Park, Calif. 91303. Tel: (818) 992-4777.

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feedback

Full frontal

I refer to the "Stiletto" pictorial in your June Black Label which displayed a goodly whack of full frontal malehood.

I am a long-time subscriber to your magazine and am drawn to it by your obvious objective of providing a haven for the average male. Your magazine protects us from the countless tampon advertisements that now plague our society and places in our laps a smorgasbord of dead-set spunks.

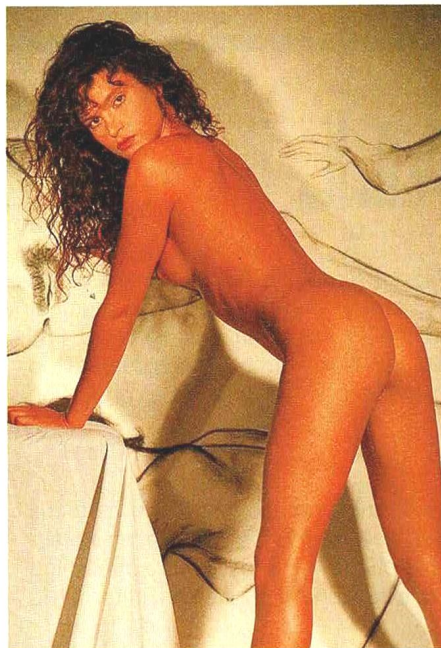
My ultra-male ego can accept pairs and threesomes in your pictorials, provided they are all female, for that ego proudly knows that these girls can be rescued from their lesbian tendencies with just one wave of my magic wand. However, when that ego is confronted with a fantasy lover in the arms of an Adonis with an appendage resembling a deformed Chiko Roll, it deflates quicker than a hard-on hit with a cold spoon.

If you feel that it is absolutely necessary to display the male anatomy in your magazine, it would be considered less of a threat to your male readers if the model was short, fat and bald with some apt nickname like "Needle Dick." My ego would then not feel so threatened and I could resume my fantasies about cracking it with one of your lovelies. — *Davo, The Gap, NSW*

As far as I'm concerned, the issue of whether to include males in *Penthouse* is black and white. I subscribe to the Australian men's magazine for its *girls*. In the "Stiletto" couples pictorial in June, the male body was shown in eight photos, and his penis in four. This was a total turn-off and a waste of space.

Apart from the cock-up in "Stiletto", the June edition reached new heights in excitement. Not one pair of sunglasses to be seen; a true taste of artistic erotica in "Painted Lady"; and the highly horny Lisa in "Fast Forward." Generally, good work guys. Keep it up so we can keep it up. — *Name and address withheld*

A recent survey of subscribers revealed that more than 50 percent of Black Label readers preferred heterosexual couples pictorials to the lesbian variety. That is, they weren't averse to a bit of dick in one pictorial out of eight or nine. So, while your



Fine Art... Dominique

very fair criticisms have been noted, we've got to tell you that you've been outvoted. *Penthouse* will continue to feature both girl/girl and heterosexual pictorials in the Black Label edition and in the meantime we shall endeavor to uncover a short, fat, bald bloke with a microscopic cock. Any volunteers? — *Ed*

Hornets' Nest

What a great collection of words and photos from Graham Monro in the form of Hornets' Nest in the June issue. To read that our FCIs do it better than the Yanks is, to say the least, fantastic. What a shame the F/A-18 is not designed and manufactured entirely in Australia. That would be the *coup de grace*. — *Chris Parker, Townsville, Qld*

Jewelled bodies

As a Fine Arts student majoring in gold and silversmithing, I was very excited to catch a glimpse of both Dominique "The Painted Lady" and Donna "Walk Like An Egyptian" in your June edition. As a young and very recent convert to *Penthouse*, the incorporation of both art and jewellery in your pictorials has convinced me to keep buying your magazine. It would very much please the whole Gold and Silversmithing Department at my institute of technology if

jewellery was used with creativity and class in your pictorials, rather than as a means of promoting manufacturers' goods. I personally believe jewellery is like a form of sophisticated lingerie, to be used sparingly and tastefully on the human body.

As to your "Painted Lady" pictorial, I believe you achieved a pinnacle when you smudged the boundaries between art and erotic photography with the help of the nubile Dominique. Commendations to photographer Nick Brokensha, artist Frants Kantor and of course Dominique. The results were electrifying.

Also, I, along with my female colleagues, agree with the Feedback letter entitled "Penthouse for women" (June), in which the female correspondent asked that healthy male bodies be incorporated within the format of your magazine. — *E.C.P. Walker, Balwyn, Vic*

Car sharp

I loved your July issue, especially the piece of humor called How To Translate Used Car Bullshit. After a particularly nasty experience with a Triumph TR7 which I bought from a scumbag dealer in Sydney, I beg leave to make a few additions to your writer's list:

12 Months Reg. — *Before I changed my name to Harry*

Mech. Sound — *The mechanic might be, but the car isn't*

Excellent Cond. — *Drop the last "d" and you've got it*

Sound Throughout — *What you hear when you exceed 20 km/h*

Pop-up Headlights — *No headlights*

— *G.P.H., Neutral Bay, NSW*

Faking it

About faking orgasms in "Did The Earth Move For You, Dear?" (June): It's a pity that women feel obliged to do it, and it usually indicates a serious lack of communication.

Of one thing you can be 99 percent sure — few women were ever inspired to great orgasms by a brief brute-root. And speaking from (female) experience, the only men who ever have to ask "Did you come?" are those who know she didn't, but having come themselves, don't feel like doing anything further about it. Yuk. — *Monique, Palm Beach, NSW*

IT'S HELL TRYING TO FIND A SEAT
AT A GOOD CONCERT



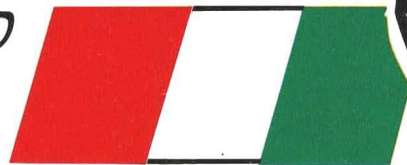
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Going down

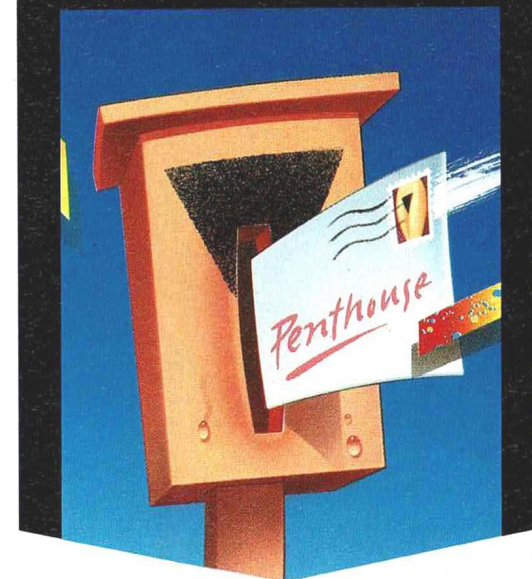
I had a sexual experience a month ago that I've decided to share with your readers. It involves a lift, a woman called Kathy, and me. Kathy is beautiful, tall and slender. Her long blonde hair shines and she has wonderful green eyes. A classy dresser, she always wears a well-tailored suit with grace and style.

I am six feet tall and I work out in a gym and swim, so I have a nice build. But I'm not handsome — I look more like a construction worker who's been outside too long.

Kathy and I were just passing acquaintances at work. We first met when I helped her carry a load of stuff from her car to her office one day. We said "hi" each day after that. Most of the time I'd run into her in the lift and we'd have pleasant conversation.

Most nights I work late and am often one of the few people left in the building. This particular night there was a thunderstorm and it was raining as I was getting ready to leave. I pushed the down button and waited. When the lift finally arrived on my floor, the door opened to reveal Kathy standing there, looking as good as ever. We greeted each other and made some small talk about working late as I got in. The lift had descended about two floors when suddenly it stopped and the lights went out. Kathy let out a little scream, but then the emergency lights came on. I told Kathy to relax while I took the emergency phone from its cradle and called maintenance. They told me that the storm had knocked out a power line — it would be quite a while before the building resumed power. I asked him if we could pry open the lift door and climb out, and he told me not to do it. We were stuck.

I hung up the phone, told Kathy what the maintenance man had said, and suggested that since we were going to be there for a while, we take off our coats and get more comfortable. Kathy asked me if it was okay if she sat next to me. It seemed to me that she was pretty nervous about being trapped in the lift, which was 13 floors off the ground, so I told her that it was all right. To get her mind off the whole



forum

thing, I began talking to her.

It must have been about half an hour later when Kathy squeezed my arm really hard — she was still scared. I asked her if I could put my arm around her, and she readily agreed. As we sat in close contact, I felt her warmth against me. I could smell her fragrance, and it was making me as hard and tight as the steel cable holding up the lift.

I felt Kathy's hand move across my leg. As it passed my penis, her hand stopped and she squeezed me through my pants. My reaction was to move my hand across her shoulder and cup her breast. I gave it a firm, gentle squeeze and held it. Kathy's hand was on the move again, and she found my fly and pulled it down. She reached in and pulled out my cable-hard shaft and ran her hand up and down its length a couple of times. I became wet with pre-come. Then Kathy's body moved away from my side, and the next thing I knew I felt her warm, wet mouth and lips engulf my tool.

She had an unbelievable mouth and method. Every now and then she would come up for air and let out a little moan. Whenever I was about to come she would stop and squeeze me, then resume what she had been doing.

After the second time that I had almost blown my load, Kathy stopped and said: "Take off your pants. I want to taste your

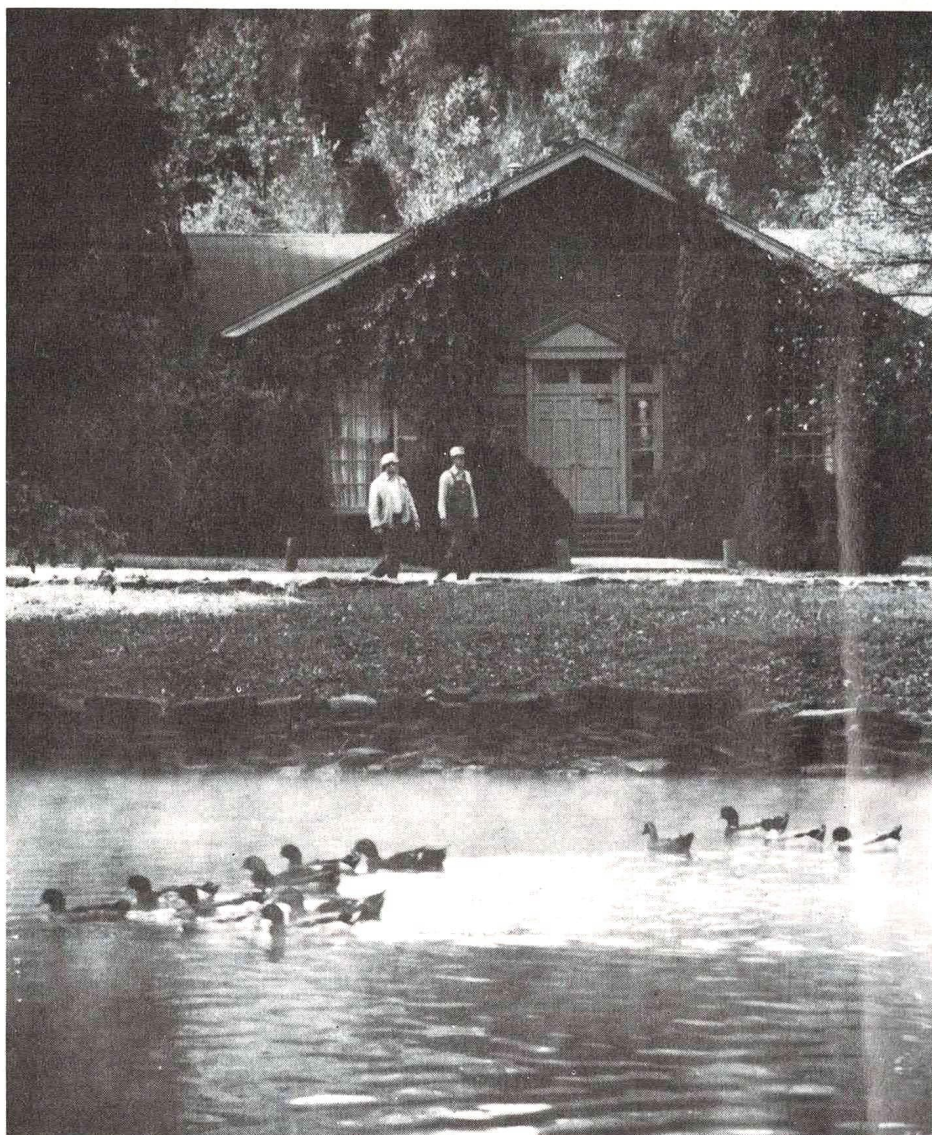
hard balls." I did as she asked. I was so high and into the whole scene that I didn't care what the hell happened. While I was undressing, Kathy was taking off her blouse and bra. When I stood up, my shaft was pointing straight toward the wall of the lift. Kathy reached out and touched me with her hand, then knelt down in front of me and took my hot, throbbing cock in her mouth.

It was as sensational as the first time. Up and down, her mouth pumped and her tongue caressed my manhood and balls. The sweat was running down my body, but I didn't care — I was getting the best blowjob of my life! All of a sudden I felt the tightness in my balls and I shot out right into her sucking mouth. The climax was so intense that I pushed

my hips out further to pump my penis down her throat. The girl took it all.

After I came back to earth, I told Kathy to stop. She asked me why and I said: "I'll show you why." I took her hands and helped her stand up. I reached out and found her naked breasts in my hands as I pulled her close to me to give her a deep, wet kiss that lasted for several minutes. When we came up for air, I lay Kathy down on the floor with me beside her. I started by sucking her nipples and breasts. Then I pushed two fingers into her wet box. Driving my fingers in and out, up and down, made Kathy cry out. She was going wild. I was afraid that she would let out a scream that the maintenance workers would hear. There was a steady, fast flow of juice coming from Kathy's cunt. Then several things all happened at once. There was a clap of thunder, Kathy's love muscle took a vice-like grip around my fingers, her legs closed like a clam, and her body shook as if the building were in the middle of an earthquake. She let out an ear-splitting scream and came and came.

She finally recovered, and I held her close to my body to keep her warm. My dick had become hard again, and I pressed it against her thigh. I asked her if it was okay and she said: "Yes, I need a good fuck." The response caught me by surprise, but I wasn't going to say no. I was about to ask her how she wanted it, when



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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

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she asked me to stand up. I obliged, my back leaning against the lift wall, the cold steel safety bar pushed up against my arse. Kathy pressed her hard, wet body against mine and gave me a deep kiss. Then she whispered in my ear: "Lift me waist high." First she lifted one leg around my waist and then put her arms around my neck. Then she lifted her other leg so that she was straddling me at waist height. I walked across the lift, with Kathy in tow, and leaned her back up against the wall. I now had a firm grip on her wet, sexy bum. She lowered her hand and directed my cock into her steamy hole. She was dripping with excitement as we began our sexual elevator ride up and down.

Kathy rode my rod like a horse on a merry-go-round — first going slowly up, and then crashing down on my rigid pole. There was a steady flow of words coming from us: "Fuck me harder, deeper, slower." It was a dream and I pumped her frantically. We were both building up to a crescendo of power and when I came, she came also — we were that much in tune with each other.

After we were both done with our panting, moaning, and other love sounds, I lifted her up and stepped back from the wall. I helped her up, and that's when the main lights came on. We realised that we didn't have much time, so I urged her to dress quickly. After a series of squawks and groans, the lift once again began its descent. When we got down to the ground, the workers were waiting for us, concerned that we might be hurt. Far from it, we were grinning from ear to ear.

And now Kathy and I always share a secret smile when we run into each other during the course of the work day. — Name and address withheld

Ride of his life

I hope to live to be 100. If I do, I know I will never experience anything quite like what happened a few months ago. I recently went interstate on business. While I was there, I looked up an old friend, George, who like me had just turned 30. George is married to Vanessa — a gorgeous, lanky brunette with long, firm legs. Although I had only met Vanessa a couple of times, I liked her and she seemed to like me. She had always struck me as a fun-loving girl — brash and uninhibited.

We had planned to meet for drinks and dinner. It was a warm summer evening and Vanessa showed up wearing a simple white dress that ended at mid-thigh. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her magnificently tanned legs looked terrific. It made me horny just to see her, and I was particularly sorry that I had no date for the evening to relieve my growing desire. We walked around the corner



"And now, gentlemen, the segment of our tour that we've all been waiting for!"

forum

from their place to a Mexican restaurant for drinks. After a few margaritas we were feeling no pain. Whenever she laughed, Vanessa slumped against me and put her hand on my leg. All I could think about was what that body must look and feel like under those flimsy clothes.

Soon it was time to head out for dinner. George said he knew a place downtown and announced that he would be the chauffeur for the evening. I had forgotten that George drove a sports car with only two bucket seats. When I pointed this out, George replied that it was no problem and instructed me to sit in the passenger seat. Then he told Vanessa to climb on top of me. She was too tall to sit upright, so instead she sprawled diagonally across my lap. When I looked down, I couldn't have asked for a better view. Her wonderful breasts were about six inches below my nose and her dress had ridden up around her waist to reveal the bottom of her panties planted firmly over my crotch. Between this and the drinks, my head was spinning and I got a terrific hard-on almost immediately. I was as embarrassed as hell, but I didn't know what to do.

George drove back to the flat first to pick up a credit card he had left at home.

He double-parked the car and told us to hang tight until he returned. As he disappeared into the building Vanessa turned toward me and wiggled her rump. She mischievously said: "It sure is lumpy in here!" All I could say was "yes." She rearranged my lap and in doing so she began to slide her fingers up and down over the length of my cock. "Ohhh," she said as she squeezed it and rubbed her thumb over the swollen, throbbing tip. The next thing I knew she had reached between her legs, unzipped my fly, and pulled out one huge, aching cock. "This is going to be a problem," she said. "I know," I gulped. I still cannot believe what happened next.

Vanessa arched her back to lift her hips, and while holding my cock with one hand, pulled her panties to one side and sat squarely down so that every inch of my dick slid up into her warm gaping pussy. She was so wet that it was absolutely effortless. With that, she rearranged her dress and said: "There, how's that?" Before I could answer, the car door opened and George climbed in. He took one look at my "pained" face and said: "Don't worry, it won't be much longer." I thought, *No worries.*

With that we took off. There had been a long wet spell and most streets in the town were ripped up like a war zone, and the sports car suspension made us lurch and bounce every few seconds. I was

half out of my mind with Vanessa's warm cunt tightening around my cock each time we went up in the air. Throughout the ride she giggled and squirmed. I was afraid that George would figure out what was going on, but when I looked down, there was no visible sign of the fucking that I was secretly giving his wife. The only thing that might have been unusual was that Vanessa's pencil thin nipples were pressing out against her dress. I wanted to lick one but hey, you can't have everything. For the next few minutes I began massaging Vanessa's smooth buttocks with my right hand, which was conveniently hidden beneath her dress. I could see the bottom couple of inches of my stiff pole as it disappeared into Vanessa's slit. My God, this felt good! I rotated my hand around and probed her swollen pussy lips to reveal her stiffened clitoris. She responded with a gentle rocking motion as if to drag her clit over the top of my thumb.

At this point I figured I would get even with Vanessa for her surprise attack on me. I could tell she was near the edge when she reached out for the dashboard with both hands and pushed back hard. As spunky as she was, I suspected she could just hold on for a few seconds more. As the tingling began in the bottom of my groin, I had one last thrust, driving my dick into her as far as I could. Then I lost it. My come pulsed deep into Vanessa's cunt in uncontrollable waves. She must have gotten off at the same moment because she froze and stopped breathing for what seemed like minutes. Only after her climax did she relax. George kept glancing over at us with a manic grin, completely unaware that his good mate had just pumped a cock full of hot jism into his lovely wife, and only inches away!

When we arrived at the restaurant, George hopped out of the car first. Thinking quickly, Vanessa rolled off me to her left and climbed out. George's door was in the way, so nothing out of the ordinary showed. I quickly zipped up and got out, too. Once again, good old George didn't have a clue. The whole thing seemed like a crazy dream. I almost doubted that it had really happened until I chanced a glance down at Vanessa's legs. There, as we stood at the restaurant entrance in the middle of the evening crowd, I watched a thick, white stream of come inch its way down the inside of Vanessa's tanned thigh. Oh, baby, what a sight! — *Name and address withheld*

All about Bert

We had been married about three years when my husband received a call from a "service mate" he had known when they were stationed together in Malaysia. Bert was still in the Air Force and had three

Continued on page 120



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ELLE MACPHERSON
the winner by a country mile

POLL RESULTS:

Who's hot and why? Leading personalities express their preference

Model Elle Macpherson has been voted Australia's sexiest woman by a panel of Australian opinion leaders.

Elle won the poll by a country mile, receiving four times more votes than the girl voted next sexiest, singer Kate Ceberano. Actress Nicole Kidman came in at number three, closely followed by Jana Wendt, Sigrid Thornton, Rebecca Gibney and Deborah Hutton.

In a similar *Penthouse* poll conducted five years ago, Jana Wendt was voted Australia's sexiest woman. The announcement made front-page news.

To select the winner in 1990, *Australian Penthouse* sent a list of 28 Australian women to 100 prominent Australian men.

We asked them to select the girl whose beauty, personality and raw physical appeal most attracted them. A space was left on the voting form in case they wanted to nominate any lady who hadn't appeared on our list and we gave them the option to remain anonymous.

Elle Macpherson has an enthusiastic fan club. "What can you say?" declared TV reporter Charles Stewart when explaining his selection. "Elle epitomises health, vitality, wit, intelligence, looks . . . simply the most desirable woman in this country. All that and successful too! Powerful stuff."

Doug Aiton from 3LO in Melbourne voted for Elle "because she is demure — not a quality usually found in Australian women."

There were many more glowing comments about "The Body." Footballer David Rhys-Jones voted Elle number one because "I believe she would be able to fulfil the dreams of most Australian men."

NEC basketball star Tim Morrissey pointed out that "she has a great down-to-earth personality and has the ability to be a siren or conversely to have that girl-next-door look."

"Is there really a contest with Elle Macpherson on the list?" asked sailor Iain Murray. "She has it all sailing her way."

"Elle is feminine, fit and attractive and seems outgoing and happy, with a zest for life," said another admirer, Don Burke.

Singer Kate Ceberano was the second choice of Australian men in the Sexiest Woman Poll. Television presenter Tony Murphy appreciated her "youth, vitality and talent", while cartoonist Mark Knight, who included a portrait of his favorite Australian girl with his voting form, chose Ceberano because "she is the living version of a Titian Renaissance canvas — voluptuous, alluring. We see Venus alive on stage, crooning jazz into a microphone. She has to be it."

Nicole Kidman's acting ability had little to do with her third place after the votes had been counted. "Nicole has the looks and the figure as well as an intriguing depth in her eyes that leaves no hot-blooded male Dead Calm," wrote basketballer Damian Keogh, and many others agreed.

1986 winner Jana Wendt was still a popular choice. "She displays a style and class that leaves the others for dead," proclaimed Dorian Wild.

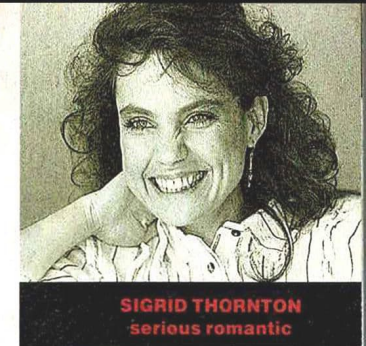
Deborah Hutton, Rebecca Gibney and Sigrid Thornton all received a healthy swag of votes. "Deborah is down-to-earth and glamorous," said radio personality Bob Hughes.

Other popular selections included Rachel Ward, Jennifer Keyte, Elizabeth Hayes, Jean Kittson, Lisa Forrest, Ann Sanders, Jacki Love, Kylie Minogue and Peta Toppano.

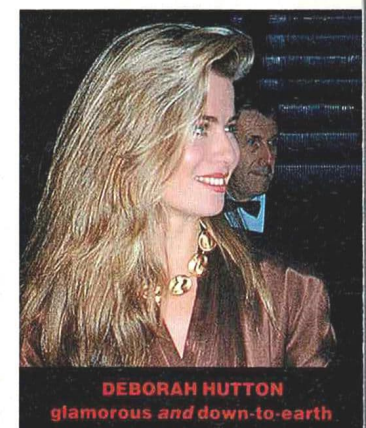
Radio man Hans Torv decided to get a reaction from the women rather than the men in the office of Sydney radio station 2WS, who've obviously given this a bit of thought. The girls at 2WS also gave their selections specific categories:



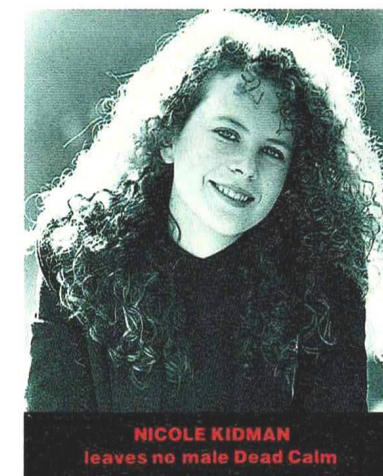
KATE CEBERANO
young, vital, talented



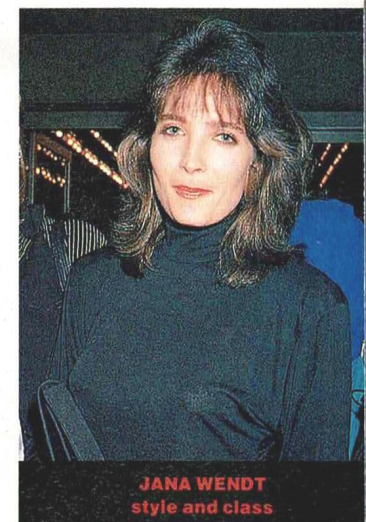
SIGRID THORNTON
serious romantic



DEBORAH HUTTON
glamorous and down-to-earth



NICOLE KIDMAN
leaves no male Dead Calm



JANA WENDT
style and class

Serious romantic — SIGRID THORNTON
Whips and chains — KATE CEBERANO
Just for fun — JENNIFER KEYTE
Cheap thrills — COLLETTE
Travel included — KYLIE MINOGUE
Good run for your money — JANE FLEMING

PETER STUYVESANT

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FILTER

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S E X

FRONT

CELEBRITY SMUT

Voyeurism always was good clean fun. From the snug of our armchairs we like to watch, to listen to or to read of the foibles and sex lives of others. And, given the space devoted to such matters in our popular media, what we like to hear and see most are the peccadilloes, pecs and porks of the famous.

That unctuous gadabout Robin Leach struck a motherlode when he embarked upon the glittering bumcraw! we know as *Lifestyles Of The Rich And Famous*. From its debut, scribes of all creeds thundered off countless column inches condemning *Lifestyles* as fatuous, fawning and voyeuristic. All of which was spot-on, and a perfect come-on to the hordes who couldn't wait to tune in same time next week.

My personal brand of celebrity voyeurism runs to harder stuff than a glimpse of Adnan Khashoggi's solid gold jacuzzi. Give me details of Rob Lowe on the job with an underage groupie. Show me Madonna's unadorned *mons veneris*, Jackie O in the nude, Princess Margaret's fanny, Jimmy Swaggert's unholy communion with a \$10 whore. Call me a snob, but in my view of things it is the poor simpleton who wastes time sniffing the bland Clag of *Lifestyles* when there's Grade A celebrity crack out there.

A picture speaks a thousand words — and is worth a heck of a lot more than a thousand if it's a good, clear snap of a movie star's tits — but alas, pictures aren't always to be had. In their absence we hardcore

Sex lives of the rich, famous and dead

fans of famous filth turn our attention to the written word. What devotee of celebrity smut can forget his or her first flirtation with that classic of the genre, Kenneth Anger's *Hollywood Babylon*? Yessiree, that deviant little sucker's way with salacious celebrity detail takes a lot of beating, but he may have at last found an equal in Selwyn Ford, author of what may be

the definitive guide to the golden years of star-fucking, a juicy little gem entitled *The Casting Couch* (Angus & Robertson, \$9.95).

Where the diverse Anger gave us not just movieland sex and scandal, but also fascinating details about which stars' bloating corpses were gnawed by their starving pets, Ford zeroes in on the most infamous article of Hollywood furniture to give us "Just the fucks, ma'am."

Known during the golden years as "the Hollywood handshake", a sojourn on the couch was so commonly accepted as the way to get on that special schools were set up to advise aspiring starlets on the fancies of particular studio bosses and to coach them in the finer points of couch technique. (Ah, pity the

• Charlie Chaplin, renowned pedophile (his eventual second wife Lita Grey was only six years old when he first "took an interest in her"), wrote most of his movies day to day during filming. When stuck for inspiration, Charlie would second a pubescent female star or extra to perform fellatio on him while he consulted the Muse. Evidently the Muse didn't come as often as Charlie did, for most of his films took more than a year to complete.

• Joan Crawford, undisputed queen of the casting couch, according to Ford, fucked her way into every role she ever played. Even in her dotage, La Crawford (who, by the by, got her start in silent stag reels) still felt compelled to spread 'em. Accepting a role in TV's *Night Gallery*, the then

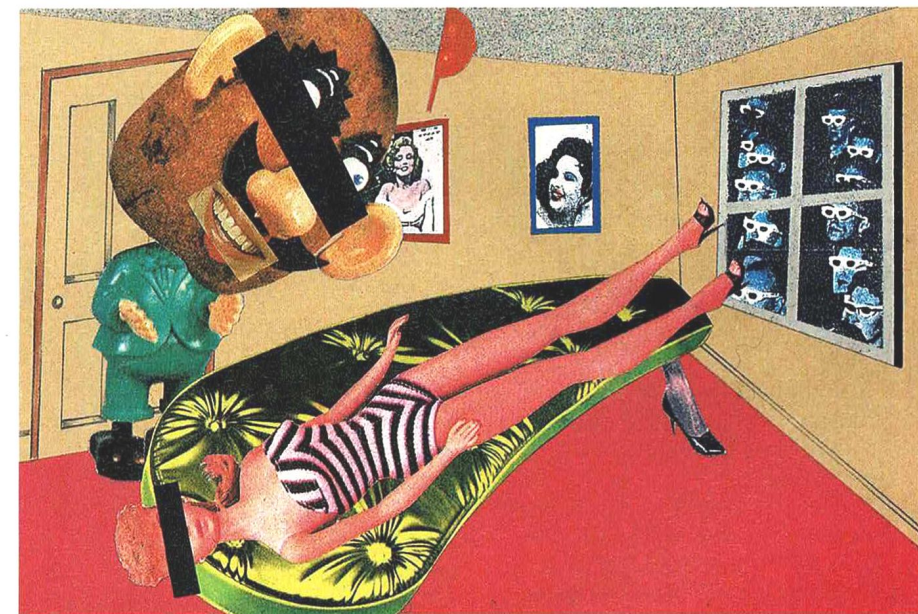


Illustration by Victor Tenietzky

poor dumb Dora who failed her oral exam!)

Ford's cast of famous actresses who got horizontal to get upwardly mobile, and his rolcall of actors, directors and producers who used the couch to their carnal advantage, read like the credits on a Bill Collins wet dream. He fondly recalls each famous fondle, with background leading up to said fondle and follow-up information as to where each grope led. There's not a little moralising about promiscuity in the throbbing little tome, too. All the better to have us clean-living readers tut-tutting before we flick ahead to the next dirty bit.

Wretched space limitations cramp my desire to elaborate on many of these dirty bits, but herewith a couple of smutty examples to whet the jaded appetite:

65-year-old Joan invited the episode director to her home and greeted him dressed only in a diaphanous negligee. The astonished visitor, 20-year-old Steven Spielberg on his first directing assignment, declined the opportunity to pork Grandmommie Dearest.

And what of Marilyn, Errol, Fatty "Things Go Better With Coke" Arbuckle, and the rest of those fun guys? They're all there rutting away merrily and eternally between Ford's covers.

But enough of the history lesson for now. Journalistic duty demands my return to the important issues, the front page stories of the present ... MP Sex Shock ... Rock Star Topless Bunjee Jumping: Pix ... Socialite Jilted For Best Man ... Life's one long perve for those of us who like to watch. — C.J. Mackay

WHITE WATER HEAVEN

It is almost unfair that so much adventurous terrain is packed into the two small islands called New Zealand. Mountains, glaciers and deep fjords. Dense forest, trout-filled lakes and wild, wild rivers. On these rivers men and women artfully steer cockleshell craft, addicted to the adrenalin rush that whitewater canoeing provides.

There may be equal, but surely no better, country in which to pursue the sport of whitewater paddling. Distance between rivers is so minimal that Australian paddlers visiting New Zealand deem it

among the peaks is where the most technically demanding water is found. There is a breed of New Zealand paddler pushing limits on horrendous water like the Nevis River, which falls from the sky. These are rivers where a mistake could mean paying the ultimate penalty. For a start, the water can often be ridiculously cold. Rivers such as the Landsborough flow off the flank of "Aorangi" (Mt Cook) — the "Cloud Piercer" in the original Maori dialect.

But the South Island is not all awesome rapids and unimaginable horrors. The Clarence River is a

this river offers the full gamut of big water paddling. It has exciting yet safe stretches where commercial rafting companies can give punters not-so-cheap thrills. Dog Leg Rapid, for instance, has opened the adrenal glands of many a tourist.

Less accessible stretches hide rapids against which only the top echelons of the paddling fraternity pit their skill. Sargoods Weir, Nevis Bluff and Citroen Rapids are graded five to six on a world-wide difficulty rating ending at six. "Significant risk to life" is the term used to describe the challenge offered by grade five

New Zealand's wild rivers run with adrenalin

paradise. Though relatively flat, the North Island harbors some prime rivers. In fact, rivers such as the Wairoa, liberally sprinkled with boulders, undercuts, big drops and "funny currents", require more skill than the average paddler can muster. This is not the place to learn the nuances of dangerous whitewater!

First-time visitors to New Zealand, or those working hard to improve their skills, often head for Full James Rapid on the Waikato River. Nose stands, tail stands and wave surfing can be practised on this big but safe rapid. Manoeuvres like these are used to improve river reading, eskimo rolling and reflexes, essential skills when paddling difficult rapids. Mandatory for any whitewater "junkie" is a visit to Anewheniwa Falls. At ten metres in height this was the first true waterfall (as opposed to big drop!) paddled in New Zealand. At the time, Donald Johnstone's first descent was considered very much "pushing the limits." Nowadays there are many who have conquered the falls, some on a regular basis. Still, dropping nose first down a waterfall's angry face is always guaranteed to set your hair on end, no matter how many times you've done it.

The mountains of the South Island spawn rivers which tumble towards the sea at incredible rates. High up



classic, meandering tour, perfect for paddlers on their first camping trip. The scenery is just right for those whose brains are burnt out by adrenalin overload.

These smaller streams eventually combine to form the big South Island rivers which contain enough water to be regarded as truly high volume, world-class white water rivers. Possibly the most famous of the big rivers is the Kaurau. Found near Queenstown — New Zealand's premier adventure "playtown" —

paddling. Unfortunately, many of the powerful rivers have long figured in the plans of New Zealand's hydro-electricity powerbrokers. The Clutha, carrying the highest average volume of any river in New Zealand, sports a new dam. When it backs up to capacity the Clyde Dam will drown some of the best paddling in the country. But despite this tragedy, the area will continue to offer fantastic whitewater runs, such as the Shotover River. The most memorable aspect of the Shotover is the tunnel

marking the end of the white water. In Kiwi parlance the tunnel is considered "a hoot." Gold miners built the tunnel to divert water so they could mine the river bed. Now, canoeists go "hooting" into the dark, popping out a few hundred metres later straight into a grade three drop — often to the surprise of tourists just finishing a jet boat run.

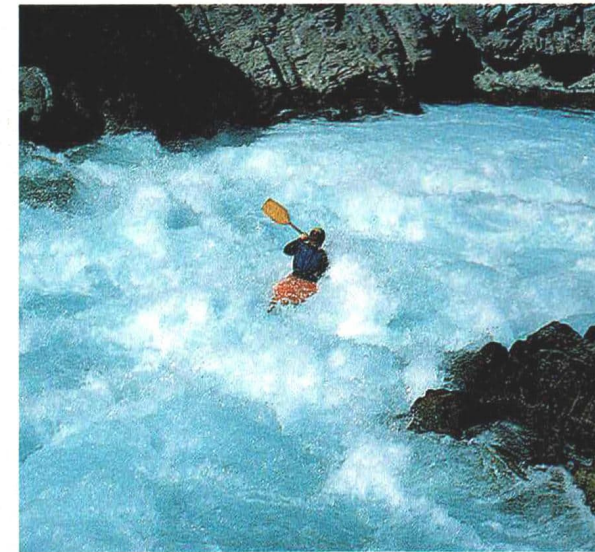
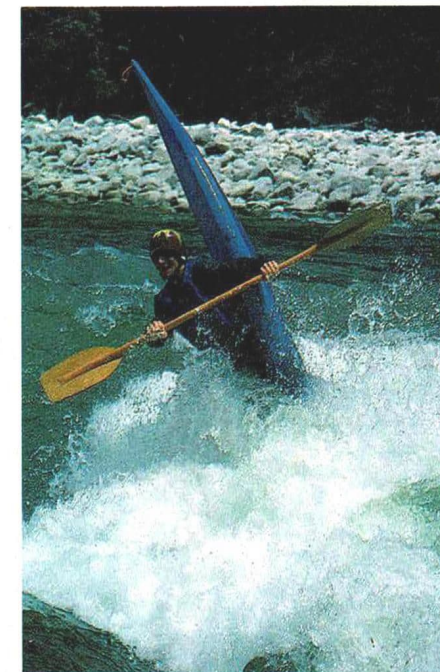
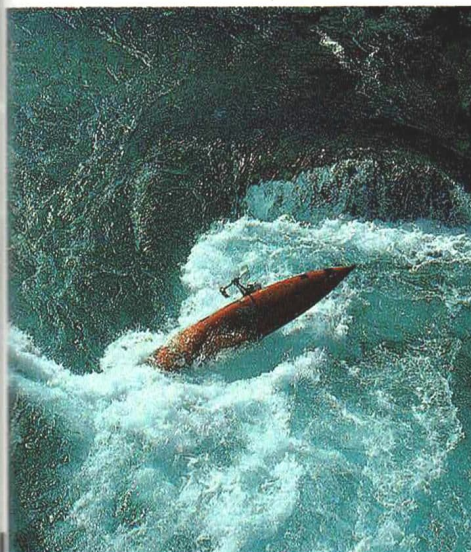
Venturing into the far south, the intrepid canoeist will discover deep gorges and fjords of astounding serenity. Adventurous walks over

high passes abound. Many rivers are accessible only by helicopter: boats are slung in hanging nets and flown up into the mountains. Paddlers must be totally self-sufficient on a trip of this nature.

In the far north of the South Island, choppers are used to access the Karmea River, a grade three to five river. Stories of adventure filter back from every group to paddle it. Waiting out floods in riverside huts. Portages which seem harder than actually paddling life-threatening

rapids. Groups who break so many paddles they have to bind even the spares using tree branches for splints.

So, a full circle. There's more adventure and revelation packed into these two islands than anyone would think possible. Even more exciting: though the country is small, there is still unexplored territory. Mountains with no footprints. Rivers unpaddled. Vast, untracked ski fields. Right now is probably a good time to claim a little for yourself. — Andrew Barnes



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDREW BARNES

FEASTS FOR THE EYES

The term "couch potato" has a lot more meaning these days as you struggle back from the video shop. Chances are you'll be clutching *Babette's Feast* to your bosom along with a takeaway Thai dinner and six pack; after all, you've seen the *Curse Of The Cannibal Confederates* six times. You just feel that the time is right for a real foodie movie, a virtual guarantee that you will be presented with a metaphor for life. There's nothing like a good, bad or even indifferent meal to give a screenwriter ample grist for plot development.

Take *Babette's Feast*, the ultimate foodie movie — sub-titled, sombre and centred on one fabulous meal. Nothing else in the film comes close to upstaging food, the true meaning of life here and beyond the screen. *Babette*, the mysterious French housekeeper to a bunch of Danish Bible bashers, blows her lottery winnings on a special dinner light years away from her employers' usual bread and water gruel. A friend of the family, General Lowenheim, says it all for those present: "Babette has the ability to transform a meal into a kind of love affair that makes no distinction between the bodily and spiritual appetites." Trying desperately to remain immune from temptation and pleasure, the rest of the diners gradually throw off their strict code of behavior under the onslaught of turtle soup, blinis Demidoff, quail with truffles *ensarcophage*, the finest French cheeses and rum baba. Prejudices, feelings and regrets inevitably flow with the wine.

In the superb Canadian film *I've Heard The Mermaids Singing*, Polly, a virtually unemployable secretary, is taken to lunch by her lesbian boss. She has never set foot in a Japanese restaurant before and mistakes the scented towels for spring rolls. Her next gaffe makes the first look positively witty: asking for "number 13", she is confronted by a slimy mass of grey and pink raw octopus. Of course, she can't use chopsticks and when her employer asks her what she wants out of life she blurts out: "a fork."

An ornamental Hollywood fountain holds centre stage in the movie that lambasts trendy restaurants mercilessly, *Eat The Rich*. The chic

nosherie, *Bastards*, is a magnet for mini-celebs, haven't-quite-made-it comedians and has-been music groupies, the sort of place where loud-mouthed debbs can't decide whether to have grilled koala or baby panda sautéed in honey. Alex, the spunky black waiter with the attitude problem who gets sacked, rightly decides that the insufferable clientele must die.

Food and sex are inseparable. Who can forget Joyce Redman's saucy way with a drumstick in the Sixties cult food scene in *Tom Jones*? In *9 1/2 Weeks*, the steamy, soft focus porn flick of the Eighties, Mickey Rourke gets more than he bargained for by informing Kim Basinger: "I do like to cook." She doesn't waste too much film before blindfolding him and force-feeding him the contents of his fridge, beginning with grapes and munching through a pasta salad, whole chillies, glace cherries and gobs of honey.

Who can forget the scene in which John Cleese, playing the most sickly of head waiters in Monty Python's *Meaning Of Life*, offers the humungus Mr Creosote the feast to end all feasts? In tones of utter obsequiousness he proposes "oeufs au caille Richard Shepherd" — quail's eggs on a bed of puréed mushrooms. Later in the scene, "just one more waafeur thin mint" explodes the elephantine Creosote from the movie.

For me the ultimate sex, death and food movie is Juzo Itami's *Tampopo*, a so-called "ramen" (noodle Western). The plot involves parallel worlds of a Zen noodle master who

Some films are good enough to eat

transforms the heroine Tampopo's noodle shack into a place of gastronomic pilgrimage, and a panama-hatted gangster much given to all-action roots with his moll. But it is the gangster's death speech that elevates *Tampopo* into the realm of the unforgettable. Bleeding fatally in the arms of his girlfriend he reminisces: "When you shoot a boar, you immediately slit its belly and take its guts and grill them over an open fire. The intestines are full of yam. Yam sausages, you see? Sounds good?"

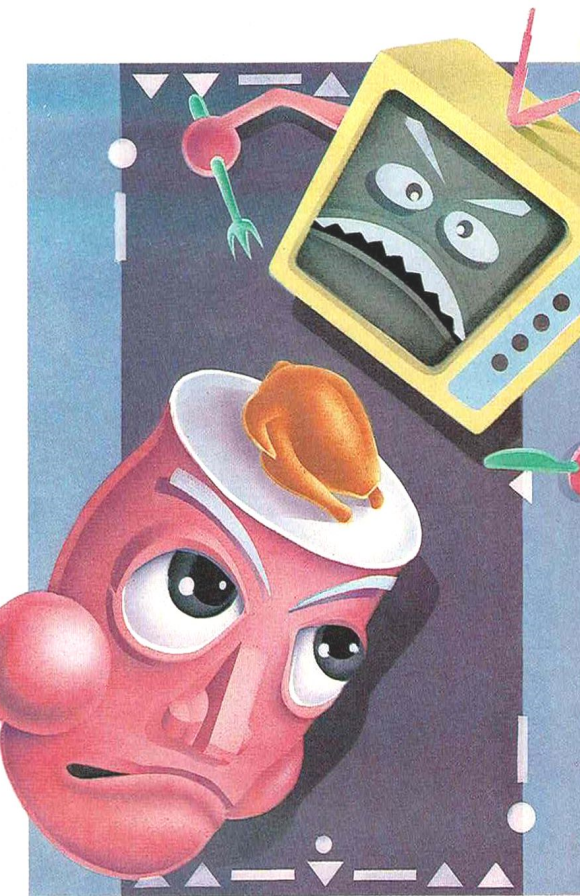


Illustration by Rodney Wong

"Yes," she weeps, "they'd be wonderful with soy sauce and a little wasabi."

"Ah," he gasps, "I would have liked to have eaten them with you."

The Cook, The Thief, His Wife And Her Lover is a film that has been intellectualised as a parable about Tyranny (the thief) versus the forces of Art (the cook), Knowledge (the lover) and Individuality (the wife). In short, a vulgar French restaurant is invaded every night by a gangland hood, his boys, and his wife who is far and away too good for him. According to the film-maker it's a send-up, a comedy of manners about people who wank (not literally) in French restaurants. "My villain is a boor," says Greenaway. "He goes to a French restaurant the way a prostitute goes to church, to seek respectability."

The appalling scenes in this film are so stomach-churning, it is impossible to believe that Greenaway edited out snippets that were a lot worse. There's male nudity, fucking in toilets, scads of pubic hair and venomous bad taste. I find it hard to believe that the cook permits the thief to come to his restaurant "because it doesn't affect the cooking." I can't remember a thing that was eaten in the whole two hours. But then I guess food is just a part of life. — Elisabeth King

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HELI-SKIING CANADA

Snow. I was standing in it up to my waist, peering through my goggles at chaotic clouds of frantic white flakes swirling around, thrashed by the deafening blast of the helicopter's blades. My left hand grabbed the collar of my powder suit, pulling it close to my neck to keep the snow and cold out. I crouched inside blade reach, watching the rest of the group scramble out, my mind a whirl of thoughts and anticipation. We were going to ski the deep!

Ten years before, in a small tavern tucked under the hill in historic Salzburg, two Austrian friends had explained to me what skiing waist-deep powder was like. "There's nothing to compare with it," Sepp enthused as he swallowed another mouthful of light white beer. "Your skis never touch bottom and you just float down the fall-line. It's magic!" Gerhardt was more expressive. He described deep snow in the reverent

**It's fast,
exhilarating
and bloody
expensive.
But is it better
than sex?**

tone he reserved for life's great experiences. "Deep snow," he said with a hushed voice and intense gaze, "is better than sex."

As the helicopter lifted away, we clipped into our bindings and pushed off towards the ridge. Today we would be skiing the trees as the low cloud was still dumping fresh snow. The glacier runs were lost in the heights, the steeper runs were out of bounds due to avalanche danger, and the pilot could only fly as high as the trees. But this was no problem,

as the trees protected the snow from wind, keeping it light and interesting, every turn revealing a new glade or a steep drop-off. It's fast, it's dangerous and it's exciting.

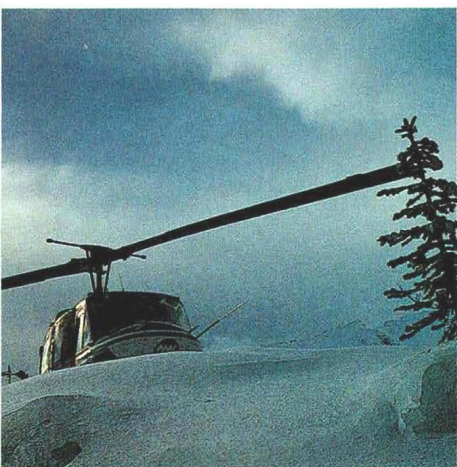
Good snowfalls in Europe are becoming rarer, but there is a place hidden in Canada's mountains that has twice the snow of its surrounding ranges. In 21 days this year it received seven metres of fresh snow! And there are over 7500 square kilometres of untouched skiing with no lifts and just one resort. This is called Blue River, and it lies between the Cariboods in the west and the Monashees in the east. Once in Blue River, the place to go is Mike Wiegeler Helicopter Skiing. Luxurious log cabins house a lucky few who share a chopper or two and lashings of fine food and wine. But it's intense — there are no snow bunnies here, and the only reason you stay a week in Blue River is to ski.

Statistics over the past 20 years show the mountains around Blue River have good snow 35 percent of the time (15cms of powder snow) and excellent snow 25 percent of the time (30cms of powder). But for 20 percent of the time the snow is outstanding with 60cms to one metre of light, perfect Canadian snow — and that's what we had!

Australians have few chances to ski powder. Light dustings when you look back and see your tracks are looked upon favorably, and that knee-deep day last season in Thredbo was most unusual. The only way to ski really good snow is to travel overseas, but by 10am in most resorts any fresh snow has been skied out. So, unless you're prepared to camp out at night and spend your days walking back uphill, helicopter skiing is the only way to go.

It may bring you closer to bankruptcy, but it's the experience of a lifetime and definitely worth the two-grand airfare, the four or five thousand for the week at Blue River, and another thousand or two warming up in a resort like Whistler or Banff. But what's money for, anyway? — *Peter Eastway*

If you're interested in helicopter skiing, you can contact Mike Wiegele Helicopter Skiing at Box 159, Blue River, British Columbia, Canada V0E 1J0. Phone 604-673-8381, fax 604-673-8464. Alternatively, you could try New Zealand's Harris Mountains Heli-Skiing, Box 177, Wanaka. Phone 01164-2943-7930.



PHOTOS BY PETER EASTWAY

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ALL GEARED UP

I suppose it's a sign of our materialist era. It has become possible to meet a girl and let one thing lead to another by using words which, in an earlier, more spiritual age, would have been condemned as monumentally boring. The magic

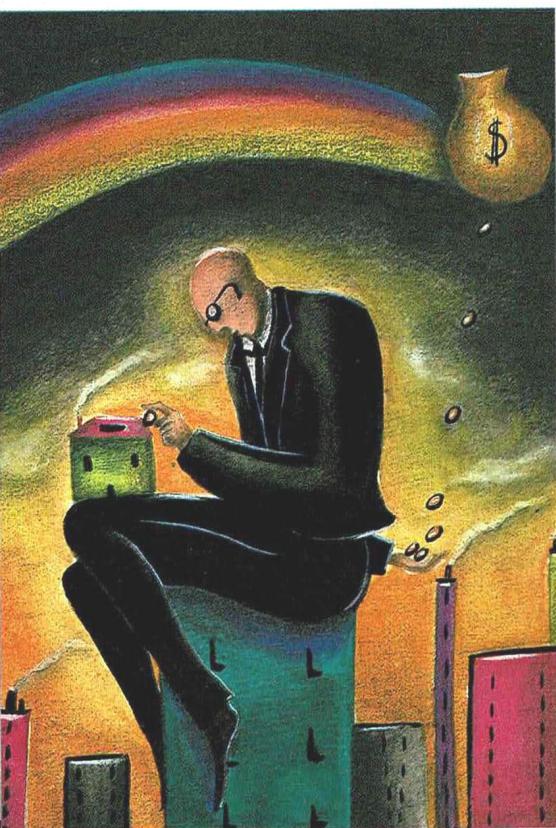


Illustration by Kerri Leishman

words? "Hey gorgeous, come over here and I'll explain all about negative gearing."

Well, so they're not the words that will bring the lasses flocking to your arms; but the dress-for-success lady lawyers do admire a man who knows about leverage and how to manipulate the indexation factor for fun and profit. Besides, negative gearing can help you get rich — or, at least, richer. For the basic fact of negative gearing is you must have a bit of money in the first place; and you must have a regular income to maintain the investment. However, the sums need not be huge. Most single wage slaves ought to be able to fund themselves into a nice nest egg using negative gearing.

The gearing refers to the use of borrowed money to top up your own savings for the purchase of an investment, such as a home unit for renting or a parcel of shares. If, as most people do, you reckon earning

15 percent a year on \$10 is a good thing then you must admit that earning 15 per cent on \$50 is a wonderful business. For instead of collecting \$1.50 a year from your investment you're earning \$7.50. That's gearing.

The negative part comes from the fact that the annual income flow from the investment can be less than the costs of borrowing the money. In the example above, if we assume realistic interest rates of 20 percent, then the annual cost of the \$50 investment, of which \$40 is borrowed, would be \$8, more than we're getting back from it. So why would anyone bother?

For the capital growth, that's why. Say the \$50 is invested in a property trust which, as well as paying 15 percent income, also experiences increases in the valuation of the properties it owns. In all but the current phase of the property cycle real estate does regularly increase in value; if you don't know that, ask your parents how much they paid for their house and compare that with what it would cost to buy today. Now, as long as the increase in capital values is greater than the rate of inflation, our \$50 investment is turning into a winner. Say the increase in the value of the property trust's assets is at the not-too-optimistic rate of 5 percent. After 10 years the \$50 investment would be worth \$81.44. Also, because such things as rent also tend to rise, we would expect our regular annual income would also have risen over the years, turning from a negative to a positive as the income catches up with the interest bill.

But if we ignore this income side of things for the moment on the assumption that, overall, the interest bill and the income payments cancel each other out, then we see that from \$10 of our own money (plus

The ins and outs of negative gearing

\$40 of the bank's) we've built an asset worth \$81.44, or \$41.44 after we've paid back the \$40 we borrowed.

What if we had just invested the \$10 without borrowing any money? We would have got \$1.50 a year (possibly more) for 10 years and have

no interest to pay, so that's \$15 for a start. Plus the capital growth of 5 percent would make our \$10 worth \$16.29 at the end of 10 years. Hmm — once you add things up the total comes close to the total under negative gearing. One might chuck the risk of borrowing money and still get rich.

Except that in calculating the income from the investment I didn't take tax into account. And tax is an important part of the equation because in ordinary investment, where the cash flow is positive, tax acts to cut the income by your marginal rate (which is near enough to 50 cents in the dollar). In negatively geared investments, on the other hand, the tax man actually pays half your interest bill for you. This is because the interest bill on money borrowed to invest is a tax deduction. For those in the top tax bracket negative gearing makes great sense, because in "normal" investment out of each dollar paid in interest roughly 50 cents is money that would have had to be paid back in tax.

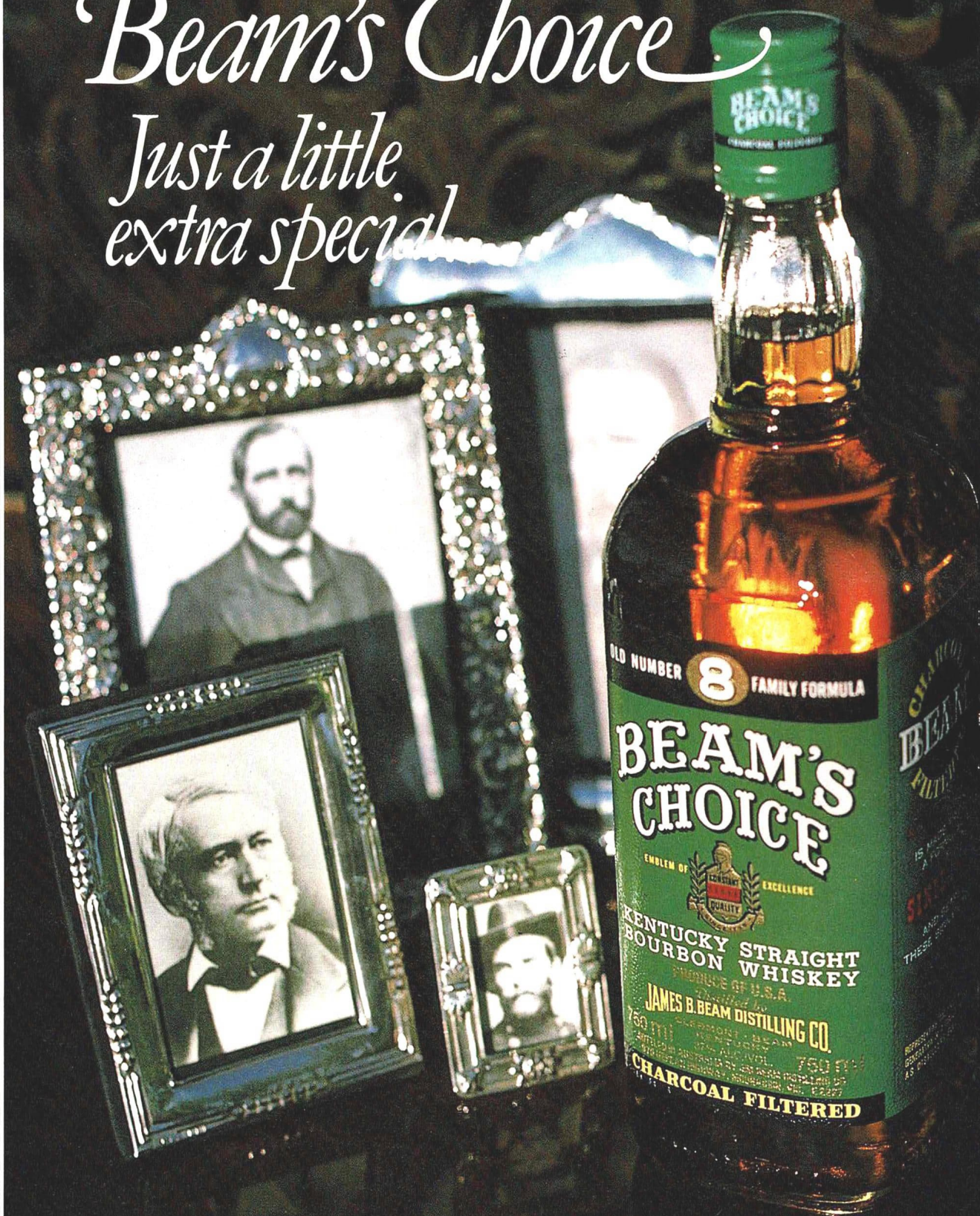
Now make no mistake: the investor is still paying out a whole dollar. It's just that, for about half of that dollar, the bank gets it instead of the tax man. But you still have to fork out a whole dollar, not just 50 cents. The advantage lies in what you get for that extra 50 cents.

A negatively geared investment can be looked upon as a savings scheme where you take some of the money that ordinarily should go to the tax man, and then roughly the same again from your after-tax income, add the combined amount to the income received from an investment, and pay it all to the bank. Then, at some time in the future, you sell the asset at a much increased price, pay off the bank and, after making an adjustment for inflation, you are left with (you hope) a much bigger profit than you would have had if you had only invested your original savings and not geared up by borrowings.

And that is the real key to negative gearing: making a profit. For gearing doesn't guarantee the profit: it simply increases any that are to be made — and, conversely, increases the size of any losses. The investment has to be a good one. If it isn't, and you're geared, you're heading for trouble. Just ask George Herscu or Christopher Skase. — David Quicksilver

Beam's Choice

Just a little extra special



Proudly distilled from the old Beam family formula.

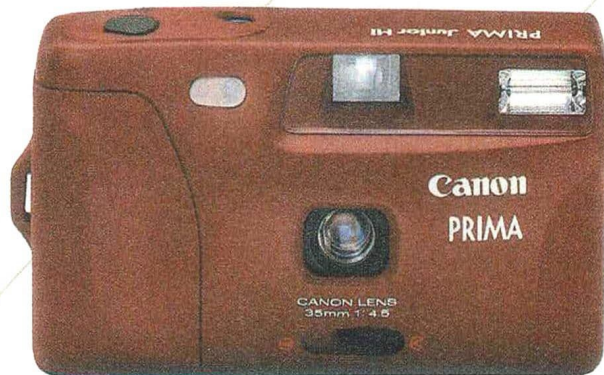
FRONT



- ▲ The boom box is moving up-market. Hitachi's stylish CX-W700 is equipped with a compact disc player, dual cassette decks and a three-band graphic equaliser. There's a staggering 200 watts of power on tap and to make the most of it, the CX-etc is fitted with an additional super woofer (that's a loudspeaker, Kev) which ensures a rich and deep bass sound. The whole lot weighs in at 8.0 kgs, so it's portable... just.
- ▼ From Hitachi Sales Australia.



The ideal camera for an idiot, Chinon's Genesis III is so smart it even composes pictures automatically. Over 3200 potential picture scenarios are stored in its memory and used as the basis for the automatic zoom, focus and exposure settings. At its business end, the streamlined Genesis III sports a long 38-110mm zoom and also has reflex viewing which means what you see is what you get. A built-in flash, motorised film transport and LCD date display are also on the menu. The asking price is about \$600 from Kodak Australasia.

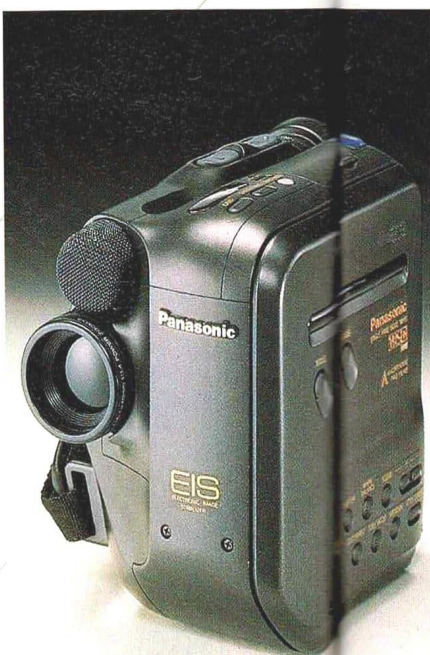


- ▲ Just under \$150 will admit you to the ranks of Canon camera owners following the introduction of the new Prima Junior Hi. Okay, so the name is definitely sus, but the Junior Hi is a no-nonsense 35mm compact camera equipped with a fixed focus 35mm lens and boasting features such as automatic film loading and advance, auto film speed setting and auto flash operation. The 235gm mini is available in black or "wine red" (read "burgundy"). There's a dollar change out of \$150 and Canon Australia is the distributor.

For the roving photographer who wants to travel light, Pentax has introduced the Zoom 105, which is a compact 35mm camera equipped with an extra-long zoom lens. At the touch of a button it's possible to range from 38mm to 105mm or move in as close as 45cms from the subject. Focusing, exposure control and film transport are all automatic and the Zoom 105 is fitted with a large LCD display which basically functions as a built-in instruction book. This travel diary with a difference costs around \$640 and is available from all Pentax dealers.



Tipping the scales at just 750 grams, Panasonic's NV-S1 is the world's smallest and lightest video camcorder. It's a VHS-C format machine — compatible with VHS — and the features list hasn't been a casualty of the weight loss program. The NV-S1 offers fully automatic operation, a power zoom lens, a highly sensitive built-in microphone and even a device to reduce the picture jitter caused by "unstable hand movements" (to quote the PR blurb). A novel facility is a snapshot function which takes still frame images so the camcorder can be used as a conventional camera. All this in your hand for about \$2500 from Panasonic Australia.



It may not look as pretty as a leggy secretary, but Multitronics is promoting its Info-Dialer electronic diary as the (fail?)safe alternative. What makes the Info-Dialer different is its ability to make telephone calls via any standard DTMF tone handset... leaving your hands free for other activities. In addition to storing address and fone/fax details, the Info-Dialer can keep track of bank account and credit card numbers, issues reminders about appointments and incorporates a calculator. Data and dates are displayed on a user-friendly (aren't they all?) LCD screen and the whole thing slips neatly into your pocket, just like...



If you're at the end of your tether with headphones, consider Sanyo's remote infra-red unit which eliminates the restrictive lead so you can sit where you like. This headset is offered with the VHR-D5810 hi-fi VCR (VHS format, of course) which also offers a variety of digital facilities such as PIP (picture-in-picture) and multi-program viewing (four on-screen at any one time). The IR headphones are connected to a receiver unit which clips to a pocket or belt, allowing complete freedom of movement while you're listening to a movie soundtrack or music video. The VCR costs around \$1200 from Sanyo Australia.



If you thought microwave ovens were just a quick way to heat things, Panasonic has news for you. The recently released Super Dimension 4 models can function as grill, conventional oven, roaster and bread maker. The 700 watt units (there's a choice of two starting at \$1449) offer one-touch operation and are fitted with a special ceramic filter which converts cooking odors into neutral moisture. From Panasonic Australia.



SPECIAL MILD 35'S



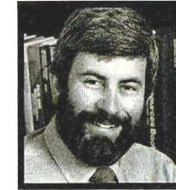
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Dr Bob Montgomery is a clinical psychologist with a Melbourne-based consultancy. He is the author of several self-help books and is a regular guest on a variety of radio and TV programs.

OVERSTEPPING THE MARK

**Where's the line between normal
parental affection and sexual abuse?**

You think you're a lucky man, because you have great kids. You love them and you can see that they love you. As humans usually do, you often show your love for each other by touching and cuddling. You see yourself as a modern parent, keen to give them a better sex education than you had yourself. So there is no false modesty at home. You don't mind if they see you nude. You've been doing your bit at changing nappies and giving baths since they were born. The possibility that someone might accuse you of sexually abusing them has never crossed your mind.

In a small but growing number of cases, that someone might be your ex-spouse. The marriage break-up was bitter and has been followed by an equally bitter battle over custody and access. When you go to court to have your agreed access rights enforced, she says that you have been sexually abusing the child. It could be someone else's children. You may be their uncle or a family friend. You have known these kids for years, and they have always been openly affectionate towards you — affection you were happy to return. Until suddenly someone has questioned your motivation.

How does a man (or woman) show affection towards children without the risk of being accused of sexual abuse or even the risk of unintentionally being sexually abusive? There is no doubt that the rate of reports of child sexual abuse has increased lately. This at least partly reflects an increased willingness in the community to accept that child sexual abuse is happening. The typical abuser is nearly always a man, usually known to the child and often a family member. Child sexual abuse occurs in all socioeconomic and ethnic groups. The victims of child sexual abuse usually suffer low self-esteem and often anxiety, depression and guilt — sometimes even lifelong personal and relationship problems. So there is no doubt this is a serious issue.

But it is equally true that humans often show their affection, including non-sexual affection, physically. Children certainly thrive on a steady diet of affection from their parents. A hug or a cuddle can do more to ease hurt feelings than a thousand kind words. So this is a real dilemma: how can you show the affection you feel for the children in your life without overstepping the mark? The answer is to be guided by the feelings involved, both your feelings and the children's.

You can judge pretty accurately for yourself whether or not the affection you feel for someone else is sexual. If you're confident your affection is parental or platonic, go ahead and show it, although I'll

genuinely sexually attractive young person. The kind of cuddle you once shared with mutual enjoyment and comfort might now make you sexually aroused and her uncomfortable and distressed. Some fathers feel guilty about their feelings of sexual arousal towards their teenage daughters. My advice is to draw a big distinction between feelings and actions. For you to have such feelings makes you normal and your daughter attractive. Good luck to both of you. What a responsible parent (or other adult) *never* does is to act on those feelings.

It's no excuse to say that the child initiated the contact or was a willing participant. Some children will make sexual overtures to

**"Some children will make
sexual overtures to adults, but
usually they are seeking affection
rather than sex."**

explain shortly you should also be guided by the child's reaction. On the other hand, if you realise that some of your affection includes sexual arousal for you, then you should back off. It's just not appropriate and there is the real risk that you may distress the child, even do her (or him) long-term harm, no matter how subtle the sexual component may be.

This can become a problem as kids mature, especially since puberty now occurs around 13 or 14 years of age. The child you honestly felt only non-sexual affection towards can develop into a

adults, although usually they are insecure children seeking affection and acceptance rather than sex. The fact is that children are too immature to give genuinely informed consent to sex with an adult. The responsibility rests all the more on you, as the adult and mature person involved, to gently but firmly reject the sexual approach as inappropriate, while still showing affection for the child as a person.

If you want to reduce the risk to your children of all abuse — sexual, physical, emotional and drug — and they have access to a

Protective Behaviors program at school or elsewhere, give it your full support. In any case, you can do something similar at home. The key ingredients of a Protective Behaviors program are, firstly, teaching kids they have rights, including the right to feel comfortable and not to have to accept behavior from an adult that makes them feel uncomfortable; secondly, teaching kids how to assert themselves and simple defensive actions; and thirdly, helping kids identify a network of trustworthy adults so that there will always be at least one they can talk to, if they think some other adult's behavior is inappropriate.

A few people have expressed reservations about teaching kids protective behaviors, as they feel such tuition will make children unnecessarily anxious or encourage false reports. If you run such a program, at home or school, in a calm and factual way, there is no reason why it will cause kids much anxiety. Some anxiety is appropriate because the sad truth is your kids are at risk. Children usually do not make false reports of sexual abuse. Occasionally they do, occasionally they are coached to do so by a vindictive ex-spouse and occasionally they may be led into one by a well-intended but poorly trained interviewer. So each case needs to be taken on its merits, but my rule of thumb is to believe children's complaints of sexual abuse. Certainly, young children are unlikely to be able to imagine graphic details of a sexual encounter with an adult.

If your child has learned some protective behaviors and you then make an affectionate gesture that is inappropriate, or has become so, she will know she has the right to tell you and will know how to. Then it's up to you to be guided by her feedback. In the end, you should be able to feel confident about sharing affection with the children in your life because you're confident that if you ever did it in a way they didn't want, they would tell you. ○—■

advisor

Candid counsel on everything you wanted to know about sex but couldn't find anyone to ask

Home and hosed

I am a 25-year-old married man, but like to wear pantyhose under my clothes. I am not gay. I just like the silky feeling of pantyhose. I've also heard they are good for your legs if you stand all day, as I do at work. Is that true? Also, how can I get my wife to accept this? Could it add spice to our sex life?

Only support pantyhose are supposed to make your legs feel less tired at the end of a long day. Regular pantyhose neither help nor hurt legs. If you are afraid to ask your wife this simple question, I surmise she doesn't know you wear them. But you can't get her to accept that you do until you've told her so. Sharing this knowledge may or may not add spice to your sex life. It will depend on how she feels about having a husband who wears pantyhose. Don't expect instant acceptance following your confession. Give her time to adjust to the concept of a two-pantyhose family.

Infatuation

I live in a small town and have to drive a long way to the Sydney strip joints for stimulation. In one of the clubs there's a dancer who can pick up coins with her pussy, masturbate while she's doing a one-handed handstand and suck her own nipples while she does the splits. I can't stop thinking what she would be like in bed. I've sent notes backstage offering her a lot of money, but she doesn't answer. I'd do just about anything to get her in bed with me. What do you suggest?

Maybe you would do just about anything, but so far you've offered nothing except money. Either your idea of a lot of money isn't as big as hers, or she doesn't trade sex for money. Just because she dances doesn't mean she hustles. (They're two separate careers, you know.) Try flowers, chocolate, champagne and poetry. Ask for a date first, not a screw. If all else fails,



write a long, impassioned letter describing what you would do for her sexually.

Bad vibes?

My wife is in the late stages of pregnancy, but she won't give up her vibrator. Isn't it dangerous for her to keep using it? She says her doctor says it's okay, but I'm not sure she really asked him. Aren't women supposed to lose interest in sex at this point?

Some women do lose interest in sex when they get near term, but many others don't. In fact, some grow more sensual as they grow more ripe. We consulted three gynaecologists, all of whom said there was no need for a woman to relinquish her orgasms due to impending motherhood. Baby will not be harmed by her pleasures.

If she gets them via a vibrator, however, all three consultants agreed that she must never insert the vibrator. There is always a risk of infection when foreign objects are introduced into the vagina — a risk heightened during pregnancy.

The bottom line

Why do so few women pay attention to a man's arse? It really turns me on when a woman puts her hands around my buttocks and rhythmically squeezes them while we have sex. If she allows one finger to rest on my anus, so much the better. I also like it if a woman uses one hand to play with my bum while she's performing oral sex. I feel totally enveloped in the most wonderful erotic feelings when this is done. So why do nine out of ten women

completely ignore the male bum?

Most women are great admirers of a tight male bum. Maybe yours is being ignored because it's flat or flabby, or hidden in drab instead of sexy underwear. When women want to draw attention to certain body parts, they exercise then dress to best advantage. Make your arse irresistible. If your woman doesn't touch it, ask her to.

Full frontal

Because I like to watch a woman's face while I'm making love to her, I prefer a face-to-

face position. Watching a woman's features grow intense and distorted with lust and finally orgasm fuels my passion. For me, rear entry is like making love in the dark. But I am now involved with a beautiful, sensual woman who loves rear entry. It's her favorite position because she can burrow her head into the pillow when she comes. I feel like she's cheating me of half my pleasure. How do I change her mind?

Maybe she is truly secretive at the moment of orgasm. Or maybe she likes burrowing into that pillow because a little oxygen deprivation gives her an added rush. Some people — usually men — do get a kick from cutting down their supply at orgasm. (I am not recommending this!) Ask her why she likes rear entry. Surely you can reach a compromise, even if she's shy.

Lip lover

I have an unusual fetish — women's lips. And I don't mean their cunt lips. A pouty, shiny mouth is the biggest turn-on for me. I can always get it up if a woman smears my come on her lips. How do I persuade my partner to do this if she objects? Also, is there really an operation that grafts skin from the pussy on to the lips to make them lush?

Yes, there really is such an operation. It was pioneered by a plastic surgeon who dramatically restored the face of a burned woman. There are reports of top models and actresses having recently undergone this surgery to make their mouths sexier.

Whenever you want your partner to do something a bit unusual — such as wearing your come as lip gloss — start with a routine request. Ask for something that is a few steps from what you really want. If she hasn't performed fellatio on you, for instance, start there.

Burning rubber

My girlfriend bought a new bathing suit made from a rubbery material like that used for scuba suits. It's a black and neon-green-striped bikini. Seeing her in it turned me on so much that I convinced her to leave on the top while we were making love. She loved the heat that the rubbery material generated in her breasts. But when we were finished, the breast cups were filled with sweat. She was afraid she'd lose weight in her breasts if she made love very often while wearing the bikini top. I say she won't. I have fantasies of making love to her while her whole body is clothed in a rubber suit — except for an opening for my cock.

Weight usually is only temporarily lost by sweating, even in a rubber suit. As soon as body fluids are replenished, the weight is regained. Doctors do not recommend vigorous exercising in rubber suits, which can cause overheating. There are, however, rubber garments designed for fetishists to wear safely during sex. If your girlfriend likes the feeling, she shouldn't let her fear of shrinking boobs keep her dry.

Hot gossip

I have fallen in love with a phone-sex girl. She has given me better sex over the phone than I've had with most women in person. Can you blame me for fantasising about what sex-in-the-flesh would be like with this angel? And there's more than just a sexual attraction here. After we both come — and I know she isn't faking — we talk about life in general. She understands me. We connect emotionally. Would she talk to me so much if she didn't love me? All that's keeping us apart is her fear of giving me her home number. How do I convince her that I'm for real?

She's probably already convinced of your realness. Unless she started working for the service yesterday, you aren't the first guy to think you're in love with her. I'm surprised she gabs about non-sexual topics, but chattiness isn't proof of love. She

advisor

won't let you really get to know her because she knows how to separate her job from her life. Why don't you try calling another number until you can do the same?

Sex lives on videotape

Last year, my boyfriend Alan convinced me to make a videotape of us making love. We kept re-recording the parts of the tape we didn't like, until we got it perfect. When we broke up, I forgot all about the tape. Now a friend of mine has heard Alan's new girlfriend telling people that she's watched the tape with him. I know it's true, because she described a scene in which I masturbate with a handful of cherries. What kind of woman would watch her boyfriend making it with his ex-lover? Is there anything I can do about this?

Actually, many women, presented with the opportunity, would watch such a tape. Even if a woman has little interest in X-rated videos, isn't it likely that she'd be curious about what happened in his bed before she got there? You can't expect anyone to believe that you've never asked a man about the women he's known before you. Don't blame her for watching what he was ungentlemanly enough to slip



into the VCR. Maybe a lawyer could convince him to return the tape if your polite request fails.

Asian fixation

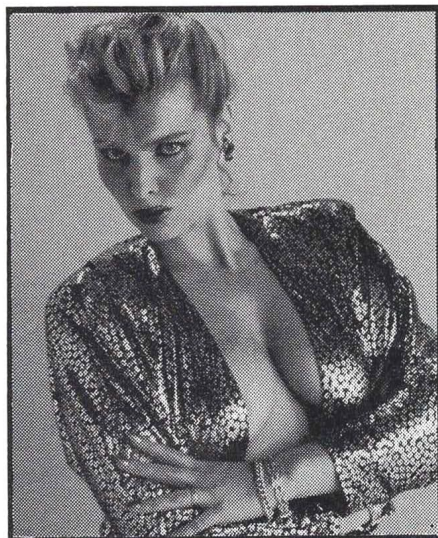
I am a white man who has made it only with Asian women. At first I was drawn to them because they are quieter and more circumspect than Australian women, and I am a shy man. I quickly learned how good they are at sex. They will arrange their delicate little bodies in any way a man desires. Ask for head, and they readily comply. My friends think there's something wrong with my preference for Oriental lovers. On the few occasions that I have gone out with white women, however, I couldn't even get hard for them. Do I have a problem?

It's unfortunate when one limits oneself sexually to a specific race, body type, hair color, whatever. Do you realise that, in effect, you're rejecting Madonna, Kathleen Turner and Samantha Fox? You're also guilty of stereotyping both Asian and Australian women! I wouldn't go so far as to say that you have a problem, although talking to a professional may help you sort out your motives for choosing all your sex partners from only one racial group. Could it be simply that your first lover happened to be Asian?

Forbidden fruit

I've lusted after my best friend's wife since he started going out with her three years ago. Many nights I've masturbated with her image in my mind. She'd often flirted with me, but I never thought she was serious. When she showed up at my place one recent Saturday morning and said, "I want you", it was a dream come true. We fucked and sucked for two hours — and I couldn't ejaculate. Next week, same story. She wants to keep trying, but I feel like a jerk. What's wrong with me?

Most men have episodes of impaired ejaculation now and then. It may be caused by a physical condition or medication, or it may have emotional roots. Your response indicates that you're anything but a jerk! I'm betting that a sense of loyalty to your friend is inhibiting the ejaculatory process. Lots of guys would have trouble functioning if the woman of their fantasies suddenly appeared; if that woman is also your best friend's wife, then the pressure's really on. ☐



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**WANTED
W O M A N**

When 21-year-old Spanish-born beauty Loree Lopez wove her gypsy spell from the cover and inside pages of *Australian Penthouse* in January this year she caused something of a controversy. You see, luscious Loree didn't appear in every edition of *Penthouse* — Black Label subscribers were treated to a completely different pictorial. For them, Loree only appeared on the cover.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER





Now that may have all been fine, had not a handful of non-subscribing connoisseurs written to Feedback in celebration of Loree's 36-25-34 inch charms. When the subscribers read these letters they damn well wanted to know what they had missed out on. Hence Loree's encore.





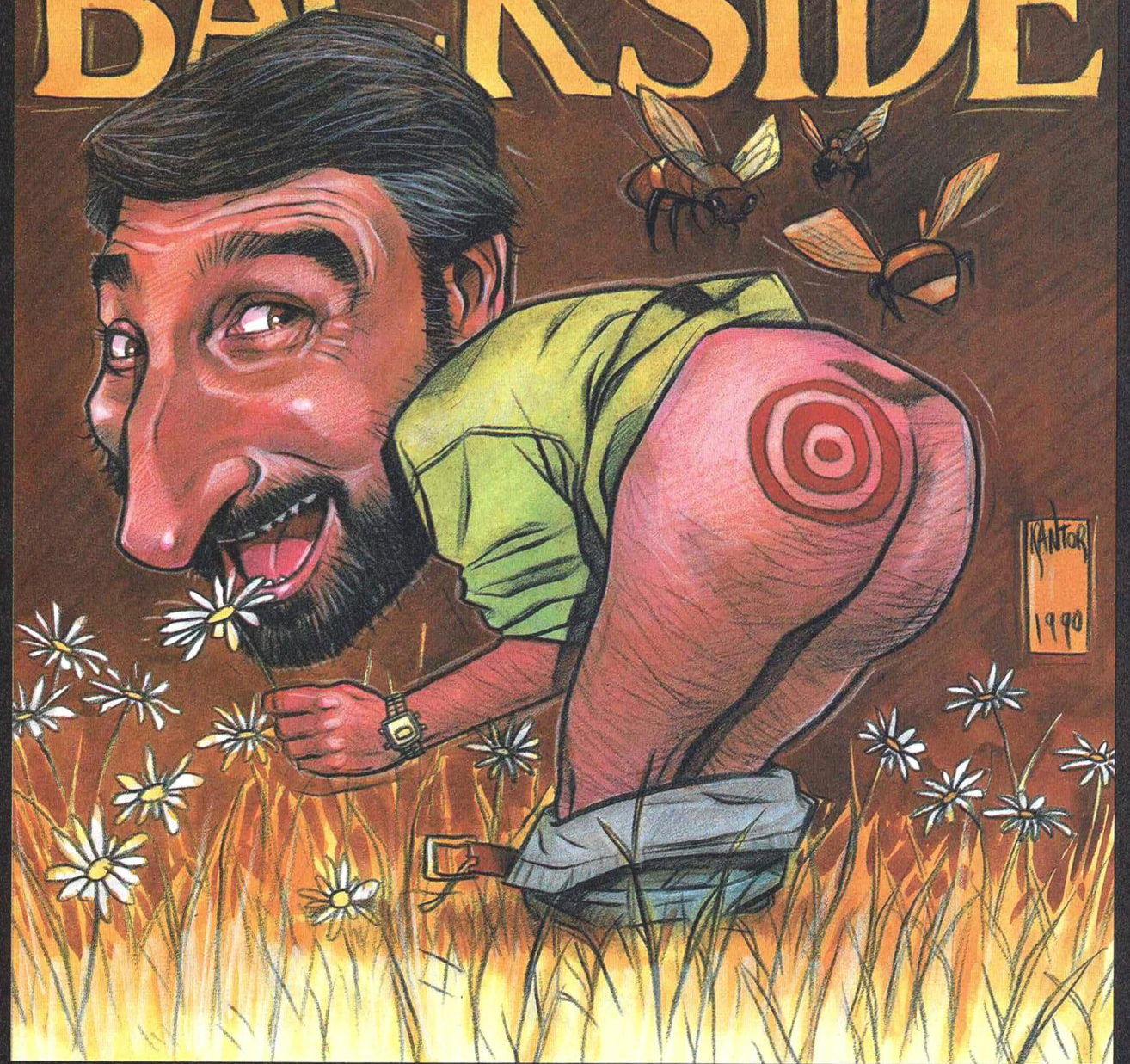
Loree herself revelled in all the attention. "Wild horses couldn't have stopped me posing again," she says, beaming. "I have been overseas and grown up a bit since the first photos. I think you can tell. I want to thank everyone who wrote in about me, too. Flattery will get you guys everywhere."







BURKE'S BACKSIDE



KANTOR'S GALLERY



THE FIRING LINE

The
revolutionary
F88 AUSteyr
assault rifle is
leading the
Australian
Army's push
into the future

Visions of the past: 7.62mm SLR
rifle in the soldier's hands, one on
one with the enemy somewhere in
a South-East Asian jungle. The
pain as the stock jumps at his

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH ALLBEURY

FIRING LINE

cheek, then in his shoulder as the magazine empties. Big, heavy — but when you hit them, they stayed hit.

Thirty years down the track, I'm witness to a new rifle, a new cartridge, a new philosophy. Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the F88 AUSTeyr assault rifle, the new individual weapon of the Australian Army. And for all the knockers of the Aussie Army, take heed: it's rated the number two ground force in the world after the Israelis. Now, for better or for worse — and considerably poorer for the privilege — our soldiers are being equipped with the latest in the current technology of small arms weaponry.

At only 80cms in length and weighing just over 4 kilos fully loaded, the AUSTeyr is

on equipment are now being made from research and development carried out in Australia to suit Australian conditions.

A prime example of the new philosophy is the AUSTCAM camouflage pattern now being issued as the "disruptive pattern camouflage uniform." AUSTCAM was developed in Australia more than ten years ago from research and computer analysis of the typical bush color composition. The pattern is not only being transferred on to uniforms but also on to packs and the "infantry combat load carrying equipment" (ICLCE), more commonly termed webbing. All the above are made in Australia and all are improvements over previous designs. Waist belts are wider for better load distribution, ammunition pouches are sectioned to accommodate three of the AUSTeyr's 30-round magazines and packs

Korea in the early Fifties. It was renowned for its accuracy, but is said to have kicked only slightly less than an angry mule. Even though it used a bolt action, the skilled rifleman could work the mechanism with the thumb of the right hand while still keeping his finger on the trigger.

Its replacement, the SLR, came into service with the Australian Army in 1959 and was in the hands of every soldier by 1960. Designed by Belgium's Fabrique Nationale, who labelled it the FAL, it was first adopted by the British in its semi-automatic version, the L1A1. Taking its cue from the British lead, the Australian Army chose a similar version. It accepted the 7.62mm NATO round in a 20-shot detachable box magazine. It still packed a kick, though a less substantial one than its mulish predecessor.

Given all that history it was obvious that the rifle chosen to replace the SLR might have to be around for at least 30 years, so the decision needed to be a good one. Foremost in the Army boffins' minds was that whatever weapon they came up with should be compatible with the new NATO standard 5.56mm calibre ammunition.

Standardisation of weapons in NATO countries stems back to just after World War II. At the time, no-one had given much thought to what size ammunition a rifle accepted; the priority was to produce as many rifles as possible. It became a logistical nightmare to ensure that every soldier ended up with the right ammunition and in many cases that just didn't happen, with predictably disastrous results.

After much prodding from the US, NATO member nations reluctantly agreed to mend their unruly ways and adopt the 7.62 x 51mm calibre as their standard. Now, this equation probably means nothing to you unless you're involved with guns or are an avid Rambo fan. To decode, the 7.62mm part of the formula refers to the bullet's diameter, while 51mm is the bullet's length (the "case length" to aficionados).

However, the NATO standard calibre ammunition proved to be a lousy choice. It was powerful, but it just wasn't suited to the requirements of an assault rifle. The assault rifle concept had been pioneered by the Germans in World War II to incorporate the most desirable features of both rifle and sub-machine-gun into a lightweight, versatile weapon capable of automatic fire, and the Krauts had also developed a considerably smaller cartridge to suit. This was where the Soviets' AK-47 succeeded and, as assault rifles, the Western designs — such as the SLR — failed.

Using the old NATO standard ammunition on NATO assault rifles was something like firing artillery shells from a pop-gun. The 7.62mm NATO will effectively kill at 1000 metres-plus, pen-

a radical departure from the rifle it replaces, the L1A1 SLR (short for Self Loading Rifle) and all its predecessors. The traditional wooden trappings are replaced by hi-tech khaki plastic and the carrying handle incorporates a 1:5 power telescopic sight. The centre of gravity is at the pistol grip, and the "bullpup" design means that much of the mechanics are located in the stock. The magazine is positioned to the rear of the trigger rather than the forward placement on conventional layouts. For the first time, too, every man will have a rifle capable of semi or fully automatic fire depending on how hard the trigger is pulled.

The arrival of the AUSTeyr symbolises the change currently underway in the Australian Army. Gone are the days of scavenging from US Army rubbish dumps to improve our soldiers' kits. The decisions

strap across the chest for added comfort and stability. Even the old tubes of camouflage cream have been replaced by a compact complete with mirror and a choice of the three predominant colors. There are no plans for creative make-up courses.

Boots are the next item on the agenda, and various models are currently being put through their paces to choose a suitable design. Elsewhere in the Army, a new armored personnel carrier with treads instead of tracks is being tested, and even a replacement for the ever faithful Landrover is on the cards. But the revolutionary change is undoubtedly the choice of the AUSTeyr assault rifle.

Australians were armed with the .303 Lee Enfield from 1912 until 1959. It was our Old Reliable in both World Wars, during the Malayan Emergency of 1948 and in



Opposite Page:
Sighting in with the
1:5 power scope.

Clockwise
From Top: The F88
AUSTeyr assault
rifle; F89 Minimi
machine-gun in
5.56mm replaces

both Rambo's GPMG
M60 and the FN
MAG 58; 7.62mm
SLR (above) and the
M16 A1 (below) in
5.56mm make way
for the AUSTeyr;

Ammunition from
left: pistol and sub-
machine-gun 9mm x
19 (Parabellum),
M193 5.56mm,
SS109 5.56mm,
Soviet 7.62 x 39mm
from China and
USSR, 7.62 x 51mm
NATO and Chinese
and Soviet 7.62 x 54R.

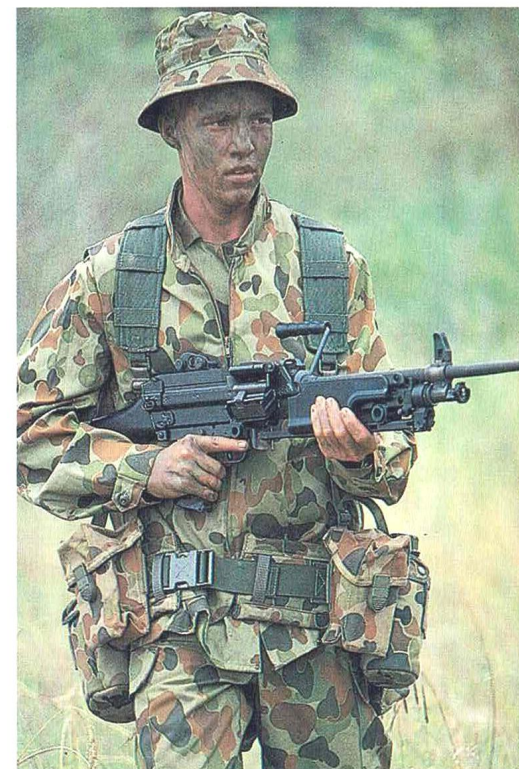


etrate armor plating and generally inflict a horrendous amount of damage on whatever it hits. The Soviet choice, on the other hand, stems from the simple fact that most combat encounters occur at distances under 300 metres. The Soviets' 7.62 x 39mm ammunition is virtually useless beyond 500 metres. But by reducing the size and power, it's ideal for use in assault rifles when fired in short bursts and is likewise incorporated into their light machine-guns.

US forces were quick to realise their mistake, and set about developing a lightweight assault rifle that used less powerful ammunition to do a better job. The result was the Armalite AR-15, better known as the M16, and it fired a 5.56 x 45mm calibre slug technically named the M193. The M16 first saw action in Vietnam, and quickly became standard issue.

So, having steamrolled its NATO allies into accepting the 7.62mm round, the US had done an about face without consulting anyone. Under the new US policy, all its soldiers would be issued with the 5.56mm M16, while the 7.62mm calibre would be reserved for sniper rifles and general purpose machine-guns. Needless to say, this decision caused other NATO countries to suspect the sanity of American leadership. They decided to draw up a new evaluation program — this time run and controlled by NATO itself — which eventually led to the adoption of a second NATO ammunition standard in 1980.

The argument against total changeover to the M16 (besides a financial commitment to the SLR) was that of hitting power. As one veteran put it, "One bullet, one kill with the SLR. One magazine, one kill with the M16." A man hit with a 5.56mm slug



just kept on coming, as its small size meant that it simply didn't hit hard enough. It was also inhumane. Even though it had less chance of stopping an attacking infantryman than a 7.62mm bullet, the 5.56mm slug was very unstable and tended to tumble and break up on impact, thus causing more internal damage than if it had penetrated in a straight line. As a result, the M193 became very unpopular throughout the Western world.

When the NATO trials began in 1976 to decide on the elusive second round, there were three contenders put forward. The M193 as used in the M16; an improved version, the XM777; and the SS109 5.56mm round developed by Fabrique Nationale in Belgium, the same people that had designed the SLR rifle used by Australia.

FIRING LINE

As the M193 was already much disliked, and the XM777 no more than a compromise, this left the Belgian SS109 5.56 x 45mm cartridge a clear field. This new projectile was heavier and utilised a different rifling twist in the barrel to spin the bullet faster, thus increasing its stability and greatly improving its accuracy. The standard type is semi-armor piercing with a steel nosepiece atop a lead core, and there is also a tracer version for night firing. No-one involved in the trials was surprised when it was eventually approved as the second NATO ammunition standard in 1980.

By this time, arms manufacturers across the globe had managed to assemble an impressive array of accompanying hardware which only needed slight modifications to take full advantage of the new round. As a result, when Australia went shopping for a gun to replace its ageing arsenal of L1A1s and M16A1s, lots of tenders were submitted. However, only two — the Austrian Steyr AUG (Army Universal Gun) assault rifle and the M16A2 (the updated model of the M16A1, which the US adopted as its new weapon) — made the final cut.

To satisfy the pundits on the "Small Arms Replacement Program", the winning gun had to prove its superiority in terms of accuracy, ease of manufacture, ease of training and overall weight. Trials started in 1982 (after the initial models of the Steyr had been stolen in Australian Customs) and finished three years later in December 1985. The result: the official adoption of the Steyr as the Australian Army's new individual weapon. Changeover to the Steyr was meant to have been completed this year, but 1993 is now the target.

With the US putting its weight behind the American-manufactured Colt M16A2, it was considered the favorite. The facts that the Steyr outperformed it and politically had a greater advantage by being produced by a non-aligned European nation tipped the scales in the other direction. Interesting, too, is that Fabrique Nationale now produces the M16A2s for the US Government because they can do it cheaper than Colt, thus driving another torpedo into America's arms industry.

The decision to go with the 5.56mm round and adopt the Steyr was met with disapproval both from within and outside the Australian armed services. But the Small Arms Replacement team had the answers, and swiftly went on the counter-offensive.

Uppermost in the minds of every soldier was that "the 5.56mm round does not have the killing power of the 7.62mm." Not true, came the reply. The new 5.56mm has proved to be as effective as the 7.62mm up to 800 metres. As well, one of the per-

formance tests entailed that the projectile penetrate one side of the US military helmet at a range of approximately 1200 metres and a NATO armored plate at 600 metres. No problem for the smaller bullet.

The second major criticism was that "the Steyr is largely made of plastic, so it could not be as robust as wood." Many Steyr components are made of plastic including the stock, handgrip and much of the trigger mechanism, and are actually far stronger than wood. Rigorous testing proved it. Other testing checked out the effects of continual exposure to damp and moist environments. The Steyr passed with flying colors.

There is a story (from a reliable source) of an officer who, on hearing this "wood good, plastic crap" complaint, threw the rifle to the ground and proceeded to drive his Landrover back and forth over it before picking it up and firing it successfully. So much for lack of durability.

“The Steyr is a pussycat to fire — smooth and easy. Combine that with a telescopic sight and the hit probability is increased.”

The third complaint to surface at the time was one based more on tradition than performance. When Steyr expressed interest in the project, it was apparently informed (falsely, as it turned out) that the Australian Army would not select a weapon which couldn't be used for ceremonial purposes. Just to set things straight, Steyr hired a retired army officer to produce a drill manual complete with lesson plans to demonstrate that the weapon was perfectly suited to a bit of the old pomp and ceremony.

Once the result was official, the Army bought the manufacturing licence for the Steyr AUG from Steyr Mannlicher in Austria, which covered production for Australia and the Pacific region. The technology used in manufacture was, at the time, new to Australia and a definite asset to the fledgling Australian Defence Industries, which is now producing the rifles from its Small Arms Factory in Lithgow, NSW. Hammer forging equipment used to construct the barrels was brought into the country, as was much of the other necessary machinery. The first and only overseas client to date was New Zealand, which

was supplied prior to our own troops.

Field performance, politics, and technology, in varying degrees, all contributed to the adoption of the F88 AUSTEYR assault rifle. Local manufacturing costs prohibit the weapon from being a big export earner since Steyr in Austria can produce the rifle for less, but after the Army, Navy and Air Force plus their respective reserves have all been satisfied, some 84,000 units will have been produced locally. Retraining and changeover to the new rifle is now underway in selected units and eventually every soldier will have the up-to-date kit, ready to take it into battle when required.

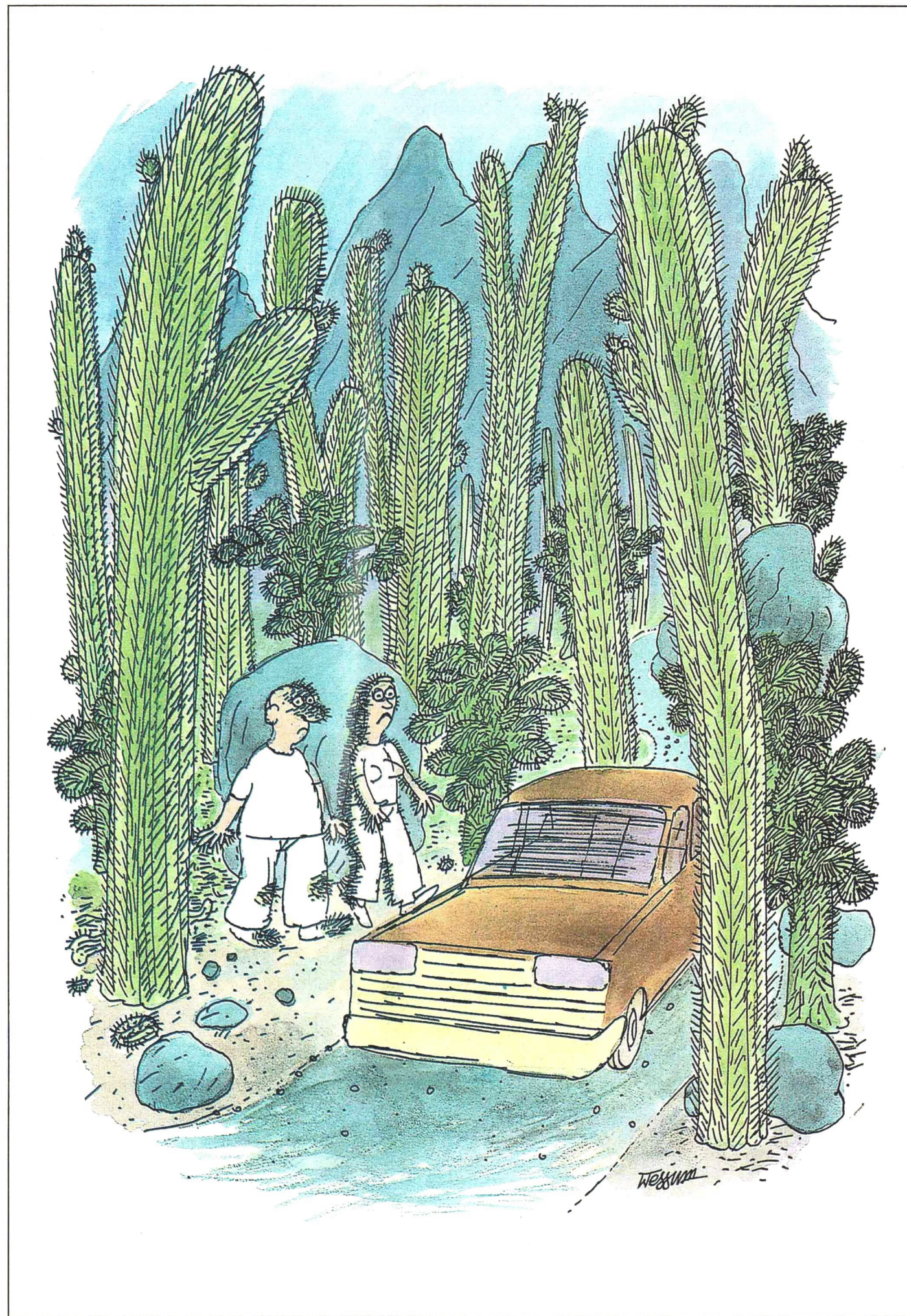
Feedback from 6RAR in Brisbane, which was issued with 500 of the new weapons, has been very positive. The regiment used the assault rifles during recent joint exercises with the US Armed Forces, where it was part of Kalthrop force, and even though blanks were used, the Australians' AUSTEYRs earned the respect of their American colleagues.

Get behind one of these weapons and it's not hard to see why. The telescopic sight makes aiming considerably more efficient, and its light weight and compact size mean it's much easier to handle than comparable rifles. The cartridge ejection port can be positioned either side, depending on whether you're right or left-handed, and the safety catch and magazine release are also ambidextrous. Trigger pressure controls the selective fire mechanism in two very distinct stages — semi-automatic followed by fully automatic with increased pull — and there's also a button that, when released, stops the trigger from going past the first stage.

The magazines hold 30 rounds of ammunition each and are translucent to allow levels to be monitored. A sling is mounted on the side and a bayonet-come-utility knife can be affixed to the front. Effective range under combat conditions is 400 metres and cyclic rate of fire is between 680 and 850 rounds per minute. Weight fully loaded is 4.1 kilos and overall length of the assault rifle version is 790mm.

Three other versions will also be employed: one for training purposes, a smaller one for space-restricted tank and armored personnel carrier crews, and one for daytime or night-time sniper use. In other parts of the world where the Steyr AUG is used there is a silenced 9mm version for counter-terrorist applications and a rifle grenade launching attachment is available.

Now that the Army has had a good look at the Steyr, the initial misgivings have pretty much faded away. "Sure, the SLR probably had a slight edge on actual hitting power," says one officer, "but first of all you have to actually hit what you're aiming at. The SLR kicks, and most of the recruits are aware of that even before they fire their first shot. It's intimidating, and that feeling can continue to be there every



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time they pick up an SLR. The Steyr, on the other hand, is a pussycat to fire — smooth and easy. Combine that with the telescopic sight and the probability of a hit is greatly increased."

Another Army spokesman observes: "The Steyr is ideal for the methodologies of the Australian Army. We work around small infantry sections, teams, where the advantages of an automatic weapon come in handy when you don't have logistical support from the air or artillery readily available."

"The technology incorporated into the Steyr makes the soldier's life easier from new recruit stage through to veteran. Telescopic sights increase the hit probability, detachable barrels enhance its versatility, the non-corrosive plastics incorporated make maintenance a breeze, the translucent magazines mean you always know how many rounds you've got left and the conversion for left-handers isn't a problem either."

But what of standardisation, you may well ask. The other area currently being updated in the infantry small arms family is the light machine-gun, with the Fabrique Nationale 5.56mm Minimi replacing its big brother, the FN 7.62mm MAG 58, at section level.

Way back in the early Seventies, the

same arms manufacturers producing assault rifles in 5.56mm came to the conclusion that a light machine-gun in the increasingly popular ammunition size might also turn a sizeable quid and, by the by, allow standardisation to continue.

Fabrique Nationale in Belgium, which had designed the L1A1 SLR and SS109 round and supplied the MAG 58 general purpose machine-gun to Australia, set about the task in haste. What resulted was the Minimi 5.56mm light machine-gun. This weapon was subsequently entered in the US Army "Squad Automatic Weapon" competition in 1972 and came out a clear winner over the three competing designs some ten years later in 1982. It was officially accepted and type classified as the M249 SAW.

All American weapons trials are long and gruelling affairs, and a mere pass mark is a sought-after endorsement. Canada and Indonesia both adopted the Minimi following the US decision and Australia subsequently trialed the weapon on its own when it came on the market for a new light machine-gun.

Australia was obviously looking for compatibility with the 5.56mm NATO round, but also required accuracy and the facilities for both belt and magazine feed. The Minimi was the only product available at the time which met these conditions, and as the Army stressed: "If it hadn't been up to scratch and failed the trials, we simply

would have stuck with the MAG 58 at section level and waited for something better to come on the market."

The Minimi did, however, pass without a hitch and at half the weight of the MAG 58 it's a welcome relief to the soldiers who have to carry it. The licence to manufacture in Australia was again bought, this time from Fabrique Nationale, and it will be produced at Lithgow as the F89 light support weapon. It weighs 6.9 kilos unloaded, has an overall length of 1070mm, and its effective range is 600 metres or 800 metres if mounted on the optional tripod. The cyclic rate of fire is adjustable between 750 rounds per minute and 1150 rounds per minute by means of a switch on the gas regulator.

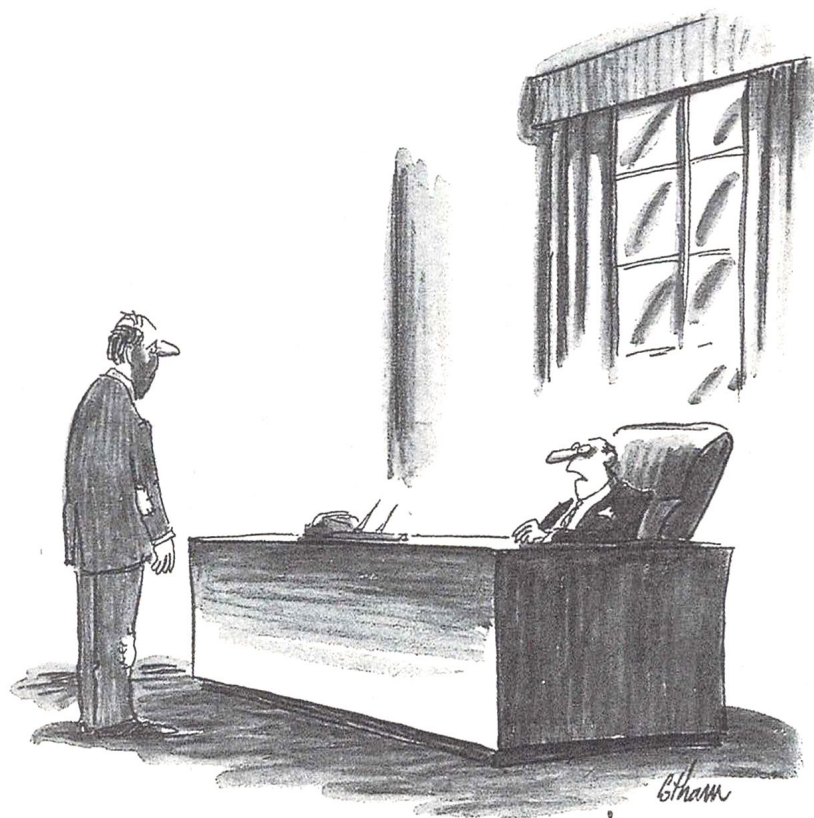
It accepts the same magazine as the M16, making it ideal for the US, but unfortunately the AUSTeyr magazines are not compatible. In its favor, though, and paramount to the magazine, is the disintegrating belt feed, so called because the links that hold the rounds together separate after firing.

Belts come in 200-round lengths and the small size of the ammunition compared to the 7.62mm allows them to be packaged in compact plastic "assault packs" that fit on to the base of the gun and prevent the belts from catching in the scrub. Gone too are the days of draping the belts over packs or wearing them as bandoliers Rambo-style, which apart from being uncomfortable tended to ruin camouflage. Assault packs are carried in pouches incorporated into the new ICLCE webbing and two per man can be carried with ease, as well as six magazines for the AUSTeyr.

The only cloud on the horizon for Australia's re-equipped armed forces is what is known as the caseless cartridge system, currently under development. As the name suggests, instead of using the conventional brass case that is virtually wasted after firing, the new design surrounds the bullet with a solid propellant and primer that effectively disintegrates entirely down the barrel when the trigger is pulled, leaving no residue and allowing the next round to be rapidly loaded. But the world has been waiting for this next generation of ammunition to be perfected for the last five years and may well be waiting many more. Australia, for one, couldn't afford to delay.

With one Minimi per section and the remaining soldiers equipped with the AUSTeyr, the Army has finally achieved its goal of standardisation, both within our own ranks and with NATO member nations.

Whether it be peace keeping in Namibia or patrolling our vast North West, Australia's defence forces are trained, clothed and equipped to do the job — and to maintain the not-to-be-sneered-at status of number two ground force in the world. 



"Would you be willing to stay on if I started paying you?"

Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi; Corset and white nightgown from ABC Costume Hire, (02) 950 3308; White skirt from Cash Palace, (02) 360 1565; Black lingerie set from Undies And Things, (02) 331 3143; Black shoes by Risk, (02) 331 4276; Shot at the Palace Of Dreams Tearoom, Gold Coast, Queensland.



dangerous chemistry

When the travel bug bites, it tends to implant its fangs good and deep — and who could blame it when it comes to tasty 21-year-old Helen Evison? Helen's already spent six months travelling through Europe and is straining at the bit to see more. "If I could spend the rest of my life travelling, I would," says the dusky-haired former Novocastrian now living on the Gold Coast.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



"Some women like their men tall, dark and handsome, or blond, blue-eyed and brown. Me? I'll try anything at least once, and if the chemistry's right, I'll keep coming back for more. But right now I don't need the pressure of a relationship."





Enjoy Helen while you can. By the time this pictorial appears she'll be in Egypt or Greece, enjoying the Mediterranean sun and no doubt causing plenty of international incidents. And if the chemistry's right, Helen won't be back on these southern shores for a few years to come. Bon voyage!







Last holiday he'd driven his car all the way from Sydney to the Gold Coast. Sometimes he'd stopped to pick up a traveller, persuaded by an interesting face or the brown length of a girl's arm or leg. The stories they told intrigued him: the route to Cairns, backpackers' paradise! He imagined dreaming on the Esplanade one tropical evening, listening to the languages of the world.

The expedition became a challenge. He bought a rucksack, a sleeping bag and a green tent from Paddy Pallin's camping shop.

"Foolish," his parents said. "You'll meet up with trouble, that's what'll happen. You're a city boy!"

"I'm nearly 20!"

"You're being very silly!"

His work mates looked at him with surprise from behind their computers. "What for? Perfectly good car, mate. Why bother standing on the side of the road with your thumb stuck out?" Their briefcases snapped shut, *click!* like their opinions. They were neat, successful looking in their business suits and striped shirts. His own pale skin matched theirs.

Later, they joked with him in the bar. "You want to meet a gorgeous Danish blonde?" Wink. "You'll probably come back a bearded drop-out!" He swallowed the last of his beer, picked up his briefcase. Tomorrow was flexiday — holiday. "See you in three weeks!"

"We might never see you again!" the loudest said. "Out on the lonely road, never know who'll pick you up!" He pointed. "Can't you see the headlines? Well-known Sydney stockbroker . . ."

"I'm not a stockbroker . . . Or well-known . . ."

"It makes a good story! Well-known . . ."

"You guys are just jealous because I'm off to Queensland tomorrow!"

They laughed, punching his arm. "Lucky bastard!" "I'll send you a postcard!"

**That's the
beauty of
hitch-hiking
— you
never know
who'll pick
you up**

rocks on the road

He left them, turning the corner into the cool autumn night, already sensing the new dimension — sneakers on his feet, pack on his back, part of a different tribe. It felt good.

The plan had been to get up early, breakfast, pack the last few things. Go. But it was 11 before the train got to Hornsby. He ate a doughnut, walking along the road until he came to a good place to stand; a long clear stretch with good visibility. He unfolded his sign. He'd printed carefully with black felt pen: COFFS HARBOUR. The traffic was heavy; it was always heavy until it thinned on the expressway. Far across

ILLUSTRATION BY KELYNN Z. ALDER



on the road

the hills, growing thick with gumtrees, lay the city. Ha! He'd show them! His muscles felt strong beneath the denim.

A car pulled over, the driver leaning across, opening the door. A sales rep, maybe. Yes, he could take him to Coffs Harbour. Thanks. He put his pack on the back seat, then settled into the comfortable velour. The rep drove fast, skilfully taking the car through the corners. The tall cliffs carved where the expressway tore through the mountains filled him with energy. Their colors, their rough blocky edges thrilled him, with the smooth coil of road and blue sky giving the contrast. At the foot of one enormous cutting a scatter of rocks lay tumbled, bringing to mind the image of a car crushed by falling stones. They talked about it, wondering at the immense impact. He listened as the rep described other drivers, accidents, as if he'd witnessed destruction all the way to Brisbane.

"The highway south of Taree's a death trap," he warned. "Always rubbish on the side of the road. Wreckage . . . loads come off. People get killed . . . it only takes a second."

They were not far from Newcastle, the car smoothly licking up the kilometres. At this rate they'd be in Coffs easy by six. Then the rep was saying: "Got to stop at

the office in Hunter Street." It wouldn't take long, he assured him. Half an hour at most. In and out. They peeled off the fast route, coming in from the south with the sea on the right and the brown city lying beneath a band of dirty haze.

The rep was hungry. He watched the man slowly chewing his steak. This wasn't in the plan. He hadn't expected to stop so long. The rep had said Coffs. Now, he wouldn't be there till at least eight. Well, why worry? He had an address . . . He ate a cheeseburger while he waited.

They left behind the tacky suburban untidiness of the city. Absentmindedly he counted trucks, just like when he was a kid. His father had taught him to drive. He'd tried to become more aggressive, in control, not just a docile passenger. A red Commodore cut sharply in front of them and the rep let out an angry word, pressing the heel of his hand on the horn. A thumb jerked up in the other car; a face leered back at them and the red car vanished.

"He must be doing 140. We'll catch up on the next bad corner," they agreed, but they didn't see the red car again.

Grey clouds were blowing in, bunching low in the sky. Beneath a bridge, a river flowed dark and fathomless, the boats moored along the edge strangely bright white in the stormy light. A sudden spatter of wet hit the windscreen. "Rain forecast," the rep said, closing his window tightly.

Car lights cut the gloom. Across damp paddocks the shapes of farm houses, sheds, cows, hung in space where fog drifted in from the swamps. The fellas would soon be switching off their screens, shutting down for the day.

They were slowing, stopping. The rep sounded apologetic. It was getting late, he was changing his schedule. He would leave him at Nabitac. There was a service station. There'd be plenty of traffic; he could shelter while he waited. Sorry.

The service station was too far from the road. He pulled the extra-lightweight neatly folded waterproof jacket from a pack pocket, slipping the hood over his head. It hid his face, so he pushed back the hood. Water ran down his neck. Cars were zipping past, their wheels spitting. He looked at each driver. Sometimes they stared back blankly. Once a woman waved as if to say she would if she could but she'd been told not to.

The letters on his sign smudged and dribbled until he threw the blur into the bushes. The road became a dark shining streak into the misty distance. Bigger the rain. Why didn't somebody stop? They could see he wasn't the type to carry a knife! He considered Taree for the night — just up the road — unless he could fluke someone going further.

With a crush of gravel, a car braked hard. Abruptly reversing, it just missed hitting his pack. A faded Kingswood, it bore grey-painted, half-beaten panels. Peering in, he saw a mass of wild hair, a man's lanky thighs angled under the steering wheel; black T-shirts. A pale, chubby face peered up at him.

"You're getting wet. Get in out of the rain!" the girl said, raising her voice over the music, the dinning exhaust. He climbed in, shoving his heavy pack across the back seat.

"Where you going?" Jerking the ropey hair off his face, the driver screwed around to stare.

"I was hoping to get to Coffs Harbour, but . . ." He wondered if they could hear him. The girl hung over the seat. "We're going as far as we can," she said, her breathing coming in warm little beery puffs. "Get it, Roddy?" She poked Roddy and he laughed, looking back in the rear-view mirror. He drove lazily, his wrists draped over the wheel, the backs of his hands, his arms, tattooed with knives and roses.

The highway wound around corners, through gullies with tall white-timbered eucalypts and palm trees, along forested ridges. Skid signs glimmered bright yellow in the lights. Heedless of rules, Roddy veered from lane to lane. The bulk of a semi-trailer loomed on a hilltop. As it whipped past, smacking their windscreen with grit and slick, he felt the soft whistle of his own breath.

"No worries!" Roddy said, glancing again in the mirror. "I done this trip a

hundred times. Never had a shunt yet! Give's a cigarette, Cath." She lit it for him, but he dropped the hot end on his lap. "Fuck it, Cath, watch out!" They swerved wildly. The rucksack lurched against him and he hooked one hand through a strap. "Taree'll do," he said. "You can let me out in Taree." He'd had enough already.

"Nah, stay with the action!" Cath grinned, her arm over the back of the seat. Where the sleeve pushed up, her skin showed a rough whitish patina. She held out a can. "Drink?" He shook his head. No thanks. The bar would be crowded tonight, being Friday; everyone would be there. He liked the smoky crush.

"Course," Roddy was saying, "if you don't want to come with us, we could drop you right here."

"Yeah, right here," Cath repeated. Right in in the dripping forested wilderness? He'd never get a lift!

"The man's got no manners, Cath."

"No manners."

"It's OK," he said, pushing the pack off him as the car fish-tailed, then straightened. "I only want to go to Taree."

"You said Coffs."

"He did, too."

"We could take him all the way!" She laughed, breathing her beeriness across his face.

"All the way! The three of us. You'd like that. She's hot!"

"Come on, Roddy, you don't like threesomes."

"I was talking about Queensland," Roddy said, flicking ash out the window. It blew into the back seat, stinging, burning his cheek.

"Aaah!"

"Sorry, mate. Get you, did I?"

"Look, the sign says 13kms to Taree. There's a bridge over the river; anywhere will do, thanks." They were passing the first motels, garages, houses. Through the darkening afternoon he could see children walking. Aborigines. No raincoats. Baggy sweaters. Thin legs. A flickering impression. He'd find a pub, get to Coffs tomorrow. No problem, just an unexpected stop.

The lights at the other end of the bridge were red. He hoped they'd stay red and he'd grab his pack, get out of this crazy car. The lights turned green. Roddy swung the car in a rapid arc, heading north through the town.

"Come on, fair go." He wanted to sound firm but his voice cracked on the first word.

"Relax," Cath smiled, at the same time stroking Roddy's knee. "You can stay with us. Me and Roddy've got a big tent. We can get it up in eight minutes." Roddy leered. "I can get it up in eight seconds!"

It was late; shops were closing. The lights were red at the next intersection as the car slowed to a stop. Heaving his pack across his body, he flung open the door. Green. With a jerk and a squeal of tyres,

the car leaped forwards, the pack bumping to the road. He reached for it but the momentum defeated him; the door slammed shut.

"Fuck!" Roddy yelled. "Waddya-thinkyadoin?"

"My pack! I've dropped my pack!" He hammered on the back of the seat. "For Chrissake, will you stop this car!"

"Don't worry, darlin'," Cath smirked. "Think how happy you've made someone! Brand new pack like that!"

He could feel tears in his eyes, a choke in his throat. He couldn't speak. They were speeding again, smashing through sheets of water. Stunned, he lay against the seat.

"Me and Cath'll take care of you. You can have my sleeping bag. I'll get in with Cath. She's got a double."

He had his wallet, all his money. He'd phone the police. Someone would hand in his pack. Sure. He could get them to put it on the first train. He'd collect it at . . . Well,

They hurried
beside him, crowding.
Something jabbed in
his ribs and Roddy
spoke: "Get in
the car."

where would he collect it? They stopped at a roadhouse. There were a few trucks, some cars. He wondered about asking for a lift back to Taree. He had no idea how far away it was.

Roddy grinned down at him. "You stick with us," he said. "We can have a good time. Soft boy like you hasn't seen enough life!" He led the way to the table and ordered pies and chips for three. "My shout, 'cause you lost your pack. Sorry about that." He didn't look sorry. He folded his long body into the chair, folded his arms, his knives and roses. Tapping his knuckly silver rings, he waited.

"What's your name?" Cath asked. She'd pulled a sweat-shirt over her clothes and she looked more plump, more cushion-cheested.

"Bruce."

"Oh God! Not Bruce!" they giggled, and he felt his cheeks flush. The pie was so hot it burned right down to his gut.

"Listen, Bruce," Roddy leaned over the table. "You're with us, now. Whatever you were doing before, forget it. Now you're with us."

Cath lolled, smiling. Her eyes were

heavy lidded and in her bulky clothes she seemed to have no neck. Her hand crept up his thigh to his groin, giving him a sudden hard-on that frightened him. She squeezed, then withdrew her hand and dipped into the chips. He looked at Roddy; Roddy was dripping tomato sauce from the little plastic sachet on to his pie. He realised he didn't look much better than either of them with his hair hanging in damp strings, his floppy jacket, his jeans and sneakers dirty and wet. To the people in the roadhouse they would seem three of a kind. He saw himself in a mirror, pale, wide-eyed — a weirdo!

"Excuse me!" Floundering past a table, he knocked the angled leg of a man's chair.

"Watch out!" the truckie exclaimed, straightening his plate. "What's the hurry?"

"He's an epileptic!" Cath grabbed him by the arm. "Come on, sweetie, time for your pills!"

The truckie resumed eating, dismissing him.

"Don't spoil it, Brucey baby," she said back at the car. She leaned, sliding her hand along his crotch, pressing her cushion chest against his body. He backed away. Roddy stood watching, his mouth bent into a smile or sneer, he couldn't tell. The rain had eased and they were perfectly illuminated by the roadhouse lights.

"Fuck off, Cath," came the slow voice. "You'll wear yourself out."

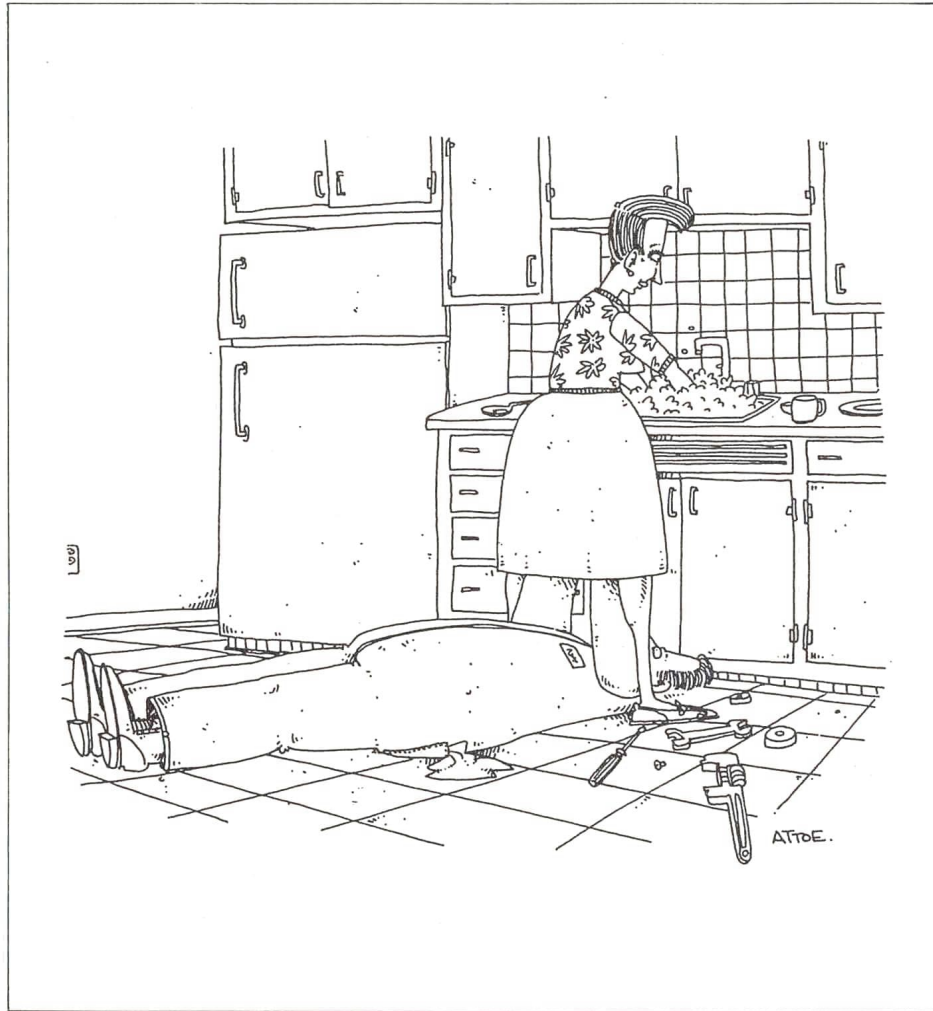
"I'm staying here!" Bruce made an effort. "I'll get a lift back to Taree." He was walking away, hurrying towards the lights. They hurried beside him, crowding. Something jabbed in his ribs and Roddy spoke: "Get in the car." The point poked between the fourth and fifth rib, making him flinch. He got in the car.

"We know a nice little place to put our tent." Roddy accelerated fast, shooting gravel from the wheels. "Quiet, no people, no police. Get it? People . . . police. Not the same, eh? Police aren't people, they're . . ."

Cath silenced him by turning up the volume on the tape. AC-DC thrashed out of speakers front and rear, filling his skull. They were giggling, muttering, Cath's hand working in Roddy's lap until he let out a yell, rocketing the car into the next corner. As the wheels hit the broken edges of the road, without the support of his lost rucksack Bruce was thrown across the seat, mouth filling with vomit. He clawed open the window, hawking into the wet wind. Why were they doing this? He closed his eyes.

They turned off the road. The glass of his watch had fogged so that he couldn't see the time. There was forest on all sides. They drove down a track into a rest area, parking beside the toilet block. He could

Continued on page 94





Unfeasibly large sales have turned an employed doodler's life into a comic fairy tale

VIZBIZ

BY GREG HUNTER

When *Monty Python's Flying Circus* came to town back in the early Seventies, it wasn't long before *Pythonspeak* became unavoidable wherever undergraduate minds gathered. You couldn't have a dinner

party or even bung on a backyard keg without it degenerating into a garbled mess of imitation Python skits. In England, where it all began, the whole thing got out of hand. Some devotees went mad; some took their own lives; others survived in ragtag outfits like the Dead Parrot Society, condemning themselves to endless, brain-numbing regurgitations of famous Python sketches.

That's all changed now. The big British comic cult is *Viz*. Starting with a band of 150-odd supporters in the bleak North England town of Newcastle in 1979, *Viz* consciousness has permeated the entire country and today the cult boasts a staggering 1.2 million members. Now it threatens to conquer malleable minds throughout Australia under the direction of 36-year-old publisher John Brown, who unleashed its media arm, *Viz* magazine, on to Australian newsstands last November and has closely monitored sales figures for the first five issues from his London HQ.

"I think it will be very successful here," Brown warned during a recent visit designed to heighten *Viz* consciousness in Australia. "The sense of humor translates well. But it's *not* going to be as big as it is in England, because it is to a certain extent English and obviously won't tap quite as many nerves here. But I've got a quiet dream of a sales figure of 60,000."

What is *Viz*? Is it dangerous? Will it threaten the fabric of our society? Make up your own minds, readers. But remember, *Viz* is just another comic book the same way that *Monty Python* was just another television show.

Viz began life as a sort of parody of those noble British organs the *Beano* and the *Dandy* — comic book versions of *Boys' Own* where the adolescent hero triumphs against all odds. Ironical it is that the *Viz* story, representing perhaps the most successful publishing venture of modern times with a sales increase over ten years of 800,000 percent, is a *Boys' Own* classic itself.

In 1979 Chris Donald was on the bones of his arse: 18 years old, unemployed, living with Mum and Dad somewhere in Newcastle. Who in that position has not wondered whether they might possess some prodigious talent which, if properly

tapped, would make them very comfortable and perhaps even — dare it be said — filthy rich?

Donald's ambitions were not at all grandiose; he started drawing comics along with younger brother Simon to amuse his friends and fill in time between trips to the dole office. The first issue of *Viz*, cobbled together with photocopies of the brothers' original artwork and a few outside contributions, was a 12-page bouncing bastard flogged by Chris and Simon and a friend, Jim Brownlow, around the streets and local pubs at 20p per copy.

Now, Geordies — the people who inhabit the area from Newcastle north to the Scottish border — are a down-to-earth mob with a reputation for being funny buggers. Chris and Simon Donald's comic characters floored them. There's Billy The Fish, a half-man, half-fish Fulchester United goalkeeper of extraordinary talent who can never seem to get on the field owing to the nastiness of his Grimthorpe City rivals; Biffa Bacon, a bully whose typical hardy Northern working class parents, Mutha and Fatha Bacon, are always beating the shit out of him; Roger Mellie (The Man On The Telly), an alcoholic "personality" who can't stop swearing on the tube; Johnny Fartpants (There's Always A Commotion Going On In His Underwear!); Sid The Sexist, a hoon who's always bragging about his sexual encounters but never gets his end wet; Terry Fuckwitt (The Unintelligent Cartoon Character), who always ends up either dead or in jail for life; and so on. Apart from the regulars, a host of other ridiculous characters make sporadic appearances which usually terminate in violent death.

As well, *Viz* has always been a pisstake of the garbage press, featuring over-the-top beat-ups (ZOO OF SHAME — ANIMALS MAKE LOVE AS CHILDREN WATCH etc), idiotic quizzes, absurd competitions, ludicrous pop star confessions, "photo love stories", satirical ads, and brainless Letters and "Top Tips" pages. The whole package is an indescribable amalgam of adolescent toilet humor, pathos, satire, social comment and inspired stupidity. *Viz*'s number one fan, publisher John Brown, never tires of proclaiming the reason for its astonishing success: "It is absolutely, comprehensively, relentlessly funny."

Every cult has one common element: the belief in its exclusivity. Brown explains it like this: "I remember watching comedy on TV — shows like *Morecombe And Wise* — and thinking parts of it were funny, but it really wasn't made with *me* in mind. But when I first saw *Python*, I sat bolt upright in my chair, thinking: 'At last! This is for *me*! It's *mine*!' *Viz* is the same. Every single person who buys *Viz* thinks they're the only one who's got it."

Chris and Simon Donald worked through the night in an upstairs bedroom of their parents' house to pump out *Viz*,

A Problem Shared... with Aunt Vera

When I arrived home from work the other day I found my wife in the bedroom dressed in a slinky see-through negligé, silk stockings and black suspenders. It wasn't long before we were on the bed making love in the most passionate fashion. Indeed, so much so that one of the legs of the bed broke. I have tried repairing the break with a variety of glues, but to no avail. Can you recommend a suitable glue?

A.P. Reading

Yes, the solution is quite simple. As you appear to be joining two wood surfaces together, any good quality solvent based PVA wood glue will suffice if applied correctly. Make sure the join is clean and apply the glue to one surface only. You will need to clamp the join immediately, making sure that your clamps do not damage the wood surface. It should be dry in 4 to 6 hours, but do not apply any great pressure for at least eight hours.

Top Tips

WHEN using 'cash point' machines, prevent the person behind you from knowing your number by deliberately keying in the wrong one. Then pretend to collect your money, and walk away smiling innocently.

A. Walker Nottingham

DISCOURAGE burglars by wearing an old policeman's uniform and standing outside your house all day and night.

G. Byker Rotherhyde

INCREASE the size of your garden by moving the fence several feet into your neighbour's garden during the night.

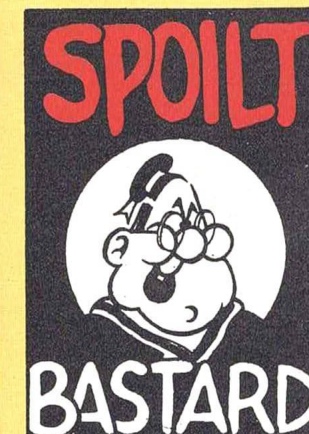
R. Hope Timperley

ROGER MELLIE THE MAN ON THE TELLY

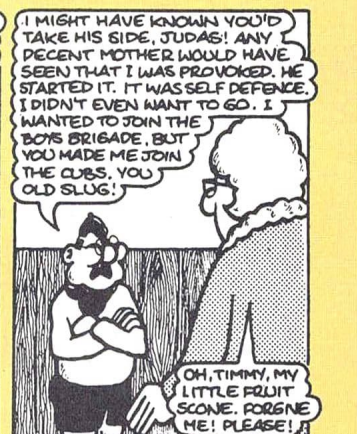
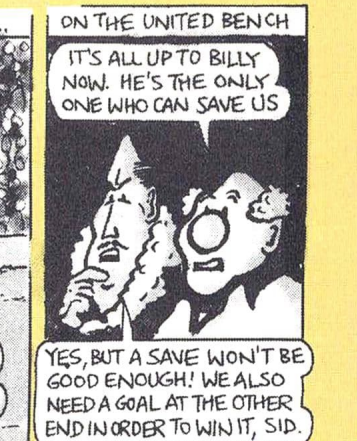
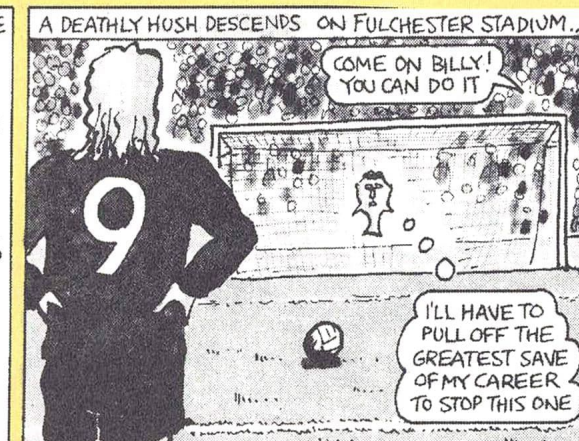


BILLY the FISH

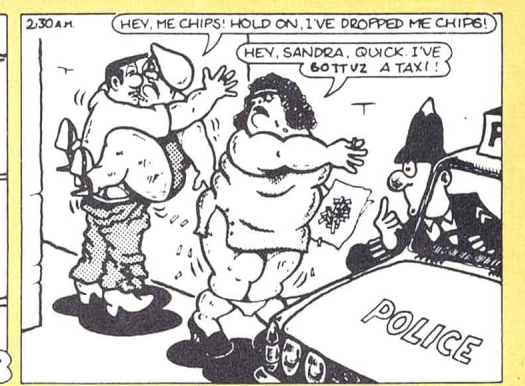
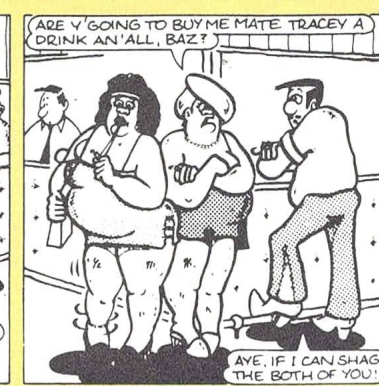
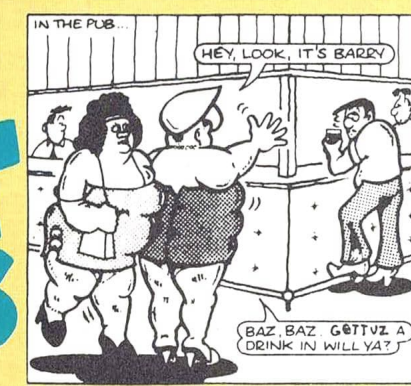
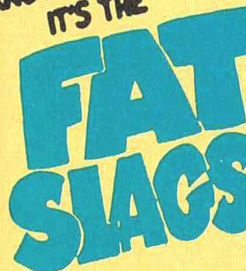
BORN HALF-MAN, HALF-FISH, YOUNG GOALKEEPER BILLY THOMSON BLAH BLAH BLAH ETC. ETC. NOW READ ON...



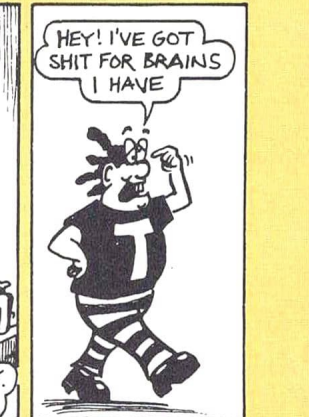
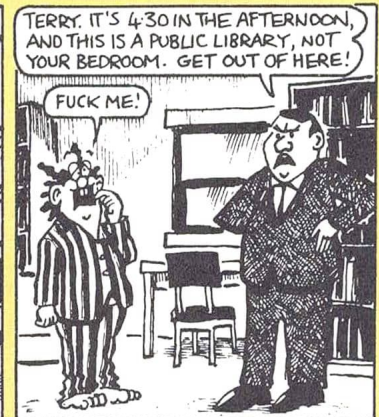
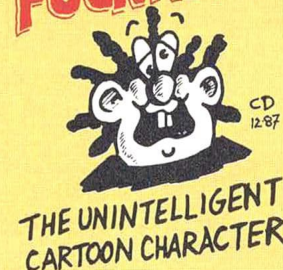
IN THEIR FINAL GAME OF THE SEASON FULCHESTER UNITED MUST BEAT ARCH RIVALS GRIMTHORPE CITY IN ORDER TO WIN THE LEAGUE. BUT WITH THE SCORE AT 1-1, GRIMTHORPE HAVE BEEN AWARDED A CONTROVERSIAL PENALTY KICK IN THE FINAL MINUTE OF THE GAME. IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF UNITED'S CHAMPIONSHIP DREAM



OH, DEAR, I DON'T FANCY YOURS MUCH... IT'S THE



TERRY FUCKWITT



"A host of other ridiculous characters make sporadic appearances which usually terminate in violent death."

contributing almost all the material themselves, then hit the streets to accost strangers with their product. It was the classic underground comic set-up but even so, by 1985 its circulation had risen to 7000-odd and hardly a young Georgie worth his salt was not finely attuned to the exploits of Billy, Biffa, Johnny *et al.*

Mr and Mrs Donald never really knew what was going on until a camera crew arrived on their doorstep to interview the lads one day in 1982. (They still refuse to read *Viz*, being "not overly fond of the context of the humor.")

By this time the Donald boys were bugged. They'd always welcomed outside contributions but were swamped with feeble imitations of their own work; it seemed no-one else understood that the art of the ridiculous is a subtle one. Until the arrival of Graham Dury in 1984. Dury's characters gave the mag an extra dimension: Buster Gonad And His Unfeasibly Large Testicles (Buster's enormous nuts always end up being belted, squashed, spiked or blown to bits); Postman Plod (He's A Miserable Sod); Spoilt Bastard; and more recently, the most popular of all *Viz* characters, the Fat Slags (Oh Dear, I Don't Fancy Yours Much), based on an apparently ubiquitous Novocastrian breed who are very fat, wear ridiculously short skirts, and always eat a lot and drink a lot and get their arses shagged off on Friday nights. (Fat women in the Newcastle district are now given to wearing Fat Slags T-shirts — part of a hugely profitably range of *Viz* merchandising spin-offs.)

Simon Thorp arrived on the scene a year later with his own contributions and, apart from one or two pages per issue, these four are responsible for the entire content of what is now the sixth biggest-selling magazine in England.

A publishing company called IPC Magazines tried to get a piece of the action back in the early Eighties, but it was evident to the Donalds that these besuited clones did not understand *Viz*'s humor, so they walked away. The pivotal point in the *Viz* saga was John Brown's decision to buy the rights to the magazine on behalf of Richard Branson's Virgin Books in 1985. Two years later, with sales already increasing exponentially, Branson

inexplicably allowed Brown to set up his own company with *Viz* as its flagship.

Circulation was then 22,000. Simply by making the product widely available throughout England, and with no consumer advertising whatsoever, Brown has presided over the staggering word-of-mouth rise in sales over the past three years to 1.2 million. Six issues per year, 90p per copy, a staff consisting of four, no advertising costs, production costs roughly amounting to three-fifths of fuck all... Any way you look at those numbers, they're enough to make people in the publishing game weep. On top of all that, the latest hard-back compilation of the best of *Viz*, called *The Dog's Bollocks*, was the biggest-selling book in England early this year, with *The Viz Book Of Crap Jokes* weighing in at Number Three. (Only Michael Palin's *Around The World In 80 Days* could split them.) John Brown has pulled off the coup of all coups. He's even in the unheard of position of knocking back most advertisers because they don't suit *Viz*'s image, and reserving the right to let Chris Donald scribble all over any ads that do appear.

Brown recalls the one and only attempt he's made at editorial interference: "It was in 1985, straight after my first issue as publisher. I told Chris the issue was just too 'bottomy' — there was just too much toilet humor. He replied: 'Right. Okay.' And in the very next issue appeared a new strip called *The Bottom Inspectors*. We never talked about that either. It was just his way of telling me to fuck off."

To his great joy, Brown finds evidence of *Viz* consciousness throughout Britain, as devotees drop conversational references to Sid The Sexist or Johnny Fartpants to test the waters for fellow converts. Every time he sees someone wearing a Buster Gonad T-shirt, with the big-bollocked hero carting his cuds around in a wheelbarrow, Brown nearly pisses himself.

In 1988, at the Consumer Magazine Awards bash in the ballroom of the London Hilton, there was a respectful silence from the 600-strong crowd as contenders were announced in each category. Except in the Magazine Of The Year category. When *Viz* was announced as a contender, the audience spontaneously broke into wild abandon. When the excellent *Q* actually won the award, there was a considerable pause before the applause started. Hundreds of people were obviously thinking: "If only..."

But the nicest part of the *Viz* story is this: under a deal unique in publishing, 50 percent of all royalties go to the House Of *Viz*, which consists of Chris and Simon Donald. It won't be long before these two very talented young men, who have never been particularly interested in money and have watched John Brown's high-powered sales efforts with bemused detachment, will be very wealthy gentlemen indeed. ☐

"Any way you look at those numbers, they're enough to make people in the publishing game weep."

LetterBocks
Viz commick
P.O. Box 1 PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT

In response to A. Williams' comments on the danger that dry tea bags could cause to young children if swallowed, I believe that responsible manufacturers are now attaching a piece of string and a paper tag to their tea bags to facilitate their retrieval should they accidentally be swallowed.

Mrs Ruth Abbott
Hawes, North Yorks.

Cigarette lighter scandal

What a con these so-called 'refillable' gas cigarette lighters are. My husband tried to refill his from our gas cooker, but after a couple of hours gave up and lit a match instead. In the resulting explosion he was killed instantly and our fitted kitchen was damaged beyond repair.

They say cigarettes can damage your health — but what about the dangers of using cigarette lighters?

Mrs. J. Chernock
Cheadle, Cheshire

Recently, I waited over half-an-hour for a bus, and then TWO came, both at once!

How typical. You wait over half-an-hour for a bus — and then two come, both at once.

A. Wright-Herbert
Manchester

We had the last laugh

Turning on the TV the other evening my wife and I happened to catch the end of the news. "You have been watching the news from the BBC", said the newsreader.

You can imagine how much we both laughed, because of course we hadn't been watching it at all!

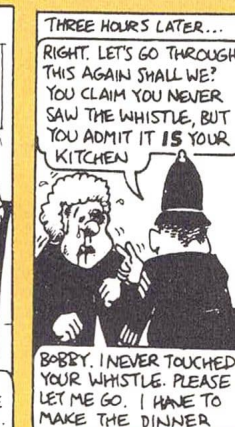
Mr Simpson
Derby

JUNIOR COP

YOUNG BOB HODGES
HAD BUT ONE
AMBITION IN LIFE...
TO BE A
POLICEMAN!



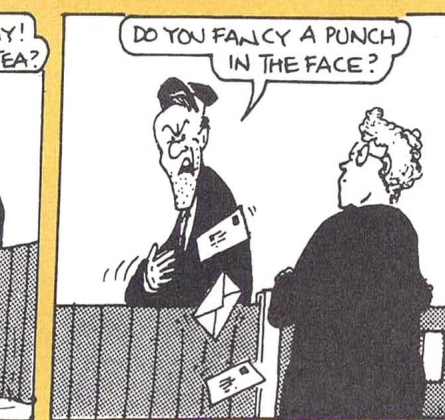
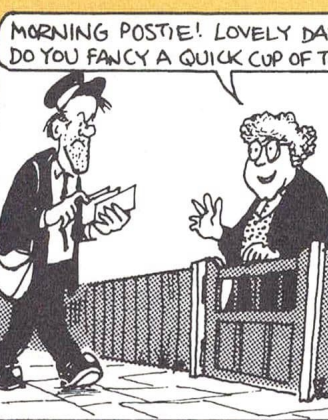
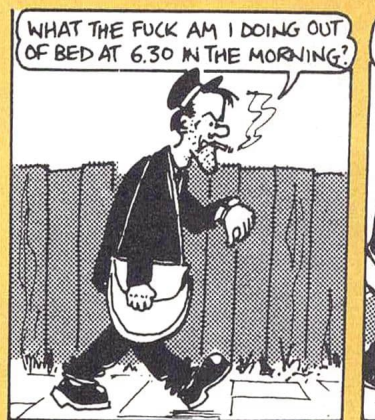
LATER, AT HOME...



BIFFA BACON

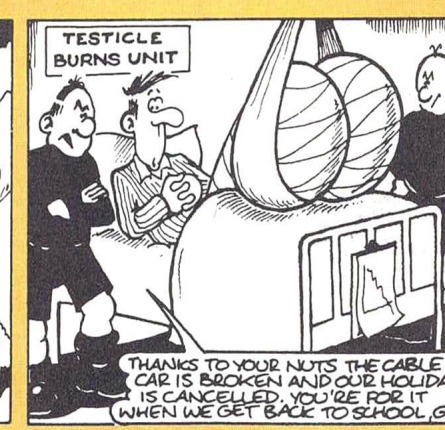
Postman Plod

The Miserable Bastard



BUSTER GONAD

and his
UNFEASIBLY
LARGE
TESTICLES



SID THE SEXIST



Appreciation is a two-way street for those who collect motorbikes

As a retired investment advisor, I have endured many a boring conversation on the merits of property and share investments, futures trading, gold coins, stamps — you name it. But my idea of a good investment is

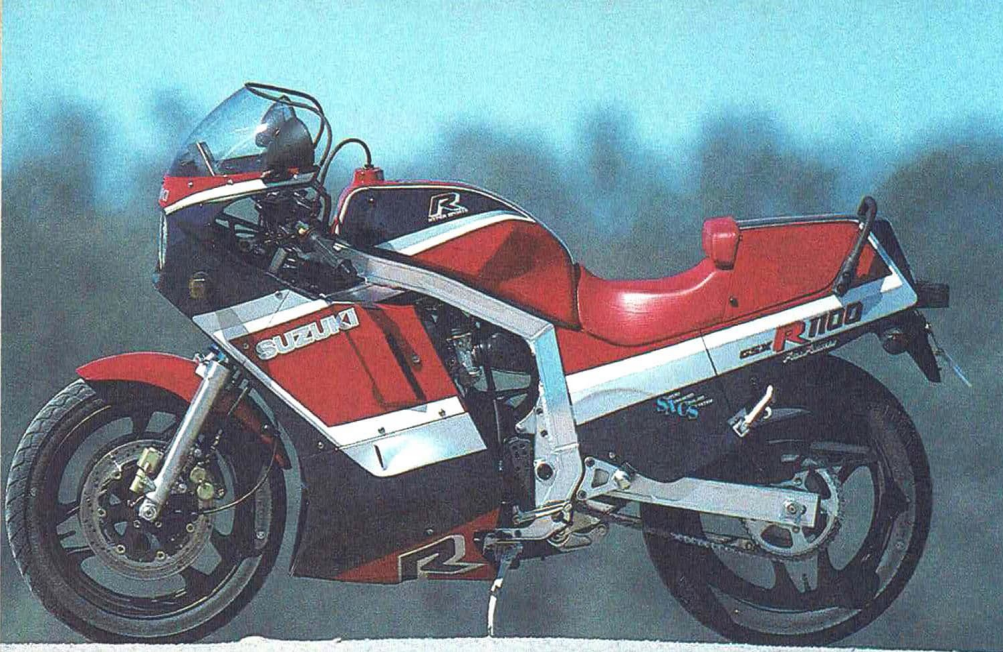
WHEELS & FORTUNE

Photo Courtesy Street Bike

something that provides power between the legs, freedom, fun, and more than an average chance that a buck or two can be made when it comes time to part with the treasured object. While there are

BY GEOFF HALL





Opening Spread: Ducati NCR — 1000cc race version of the famous V-twin; Left: GSXR1100 Suzuki — redefined "superbike"; Below Left: CBX1000 Honda.

run (200-500 units) and it's fast, don't flash the wallet without making further inquiries.

There are some large Japanese motorcycles that bear scrutiny as possible classics spanning the late Seventies and the Eighties. Amongst the best would be the ZIB Kawasaki — a fast and furious bike which wasn't always interested in going around corners, but nonetheless earned its "superbike" tag. Others like the CBX1000 Honda, an air-cooled six-cylinder monster, redefined the term. Pristine models are hard to find, but worth having — especially the early ones. From a similar era, the ZI300 Kawasaki, with a six-cylinder water-cooled engine sitting across its mammoth frame, rates a mention. Heavy, fast and lacking in cornering clearance, these monsters held the unofficial Round Australia Race record for many years: a shade under seven days for 15,000 kilometres at an average of 90 km/h for every hour. Honda's CB900F2, Japan's first fully-faired touring bike, also has loyal followers. It may not be a classic but it will certainly retain its value.

In the Eighties the Kawasaki GPZ900R was the early benchmark of performance and handling — an honest motorcycle which isn't cheap second-hand because it's so good. Even higher on the list would be the GSXR1100 Suzuki of 1986, which again redefined the superbike tag. It was a gem, the first of a line of 1100s which have become less practical, smaller and only slightly faster as the model has developed. Later ones have gained striking design, but reduced performance appeal. The GSXR750 is a speedster, but not a classic — sorry. Too many, too different, not all of them good, except on smooth racer roads. Somewhere the RZ250 Yamaha and RGV250 Suzuki should be mentioned as interesting, fast, professional machines for experienced riders. They're everyone's favorite but again not classics yet.

The screaming Kawasaki two-strokes Mach 1-IV should be recognised. Quick, likely to bite, rear on the back wheel and fly off the road, these machines set new benchmarks for speed. They appear to be increasing in value these days, but are hard to find in one piece. Worth collecting, although spare parts may be a real worry.

Racing specials do form a part of the collectable range, especially those from the Fifties, when Clubman racing was the weekend sport for the average enthusiast. Drop your number plates, tape up the headlight glass and racing you could go. (Well, it was nearly as simple as that.) This era spawned the G80 Matchless, 7R AJS, various Velocettes, Manx Nortons and

Continued on page 138

PRICE GUIDE

Prices for good original bikes will start from about:

VFR750 Honda	\$15,000 +
ZIB Kawasaki	\$ 4,000
CBX1000 Honda	\$ 4,500
CB900F2 Honda	\$ 3,500
GPZ900R Kawasaki	\$ 5,000
GSXR1100 Suzuki	\$ 7,500
MACH IV Kawasaki	\$ 3,500
7R AJS	\$10,000
Velocettes	\$10,000
Norton Manx	\$10,000
Goldstar BSA	\$10,000
CB750K1, K2 Honda	\$ 3,000
Vincent Twins	\$20,000
Laverdas (various)	\$6,000–
	\$12,000
MV Augusta 750	\$40,000
BMW500S	\$ 7,000
BMW69S	\$ 8,000
BMW75/5	\$ 3,000
BMW90S	\$ 4,000
BMW100RS (pre-1983)	\$ 6,000
Harley-Davidsons	\$7,000–
	\$12,000
BSA Rocket 3	\$ 6,500
Triumph Hurricane	\$ 7,000
Triumph Bonneville/Trident	\$ 6,000
Norton Commando	\$ 5,000
Ducati SS	\$ 8,000
Pantah	\$ 6,000

Examples: VF1000R Hondas and maybe RZ500 Yamahas.

On the credit side, a VFR750 RC30 Honda will stand the test of time, despite some unreliability under racing conditions, and so will the CB1100R, which has been proven to be a good investment if maintained in standard trim. The message is simple: just because a bike has a low



Photos Courtesy: Two Wheels

WHEELS

people — strange people in my view — for whom philately is a scintillating experience, to my way of thinking a collectable item that can cause the adrenalin to hit the redline is indeed rare. Motorcycles can do that all right — and they can appreciate in value if you make the right choice.

Motorcyclists will argue for a keg or two about which bikes should be judged as classic, or at least worthy of considering as an investment. You can either be fashionable (latest and greatest) or classical ("Shit, where did you find that?")

No simple rules exist for determining what will be a collectable and what won't. In the Eighties, for example, a lot of people purchased "race replicas" — motorcycles which were produced largely so the model could meet various homologation sales targets for racing. These punters were betting that, by virtue of their rarity, the bikes would become precious overnight. Unfortunately, some of these rocketships proved to be less than reliable, and others turned out to be undesirable in other ways.

Justine



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHEL MOREAU

sweet
Justice



"There's no rest for the wicked,"
Justine's mother used to warn. Shame
that her daughter promptly forgot
these words of wisdom when she
turned 16. Now she's 19, and this 36-
24-36 bombshell has left home far
behind. But her mother's message has
come back to haunt her. You'd never
guess it from these shots, but juicy
Justine is now into law and order in a
big way; she's well on her way to
becoming a legal secretary.



"I used to be as naughty as I possibly could," says Justine. "Being good just didn't seem like very much fun. Now that I've seen a bit of the world I realise Mum wasn't so wrong after all. Not that I've become a goody-two-shoes — a bit of sin does wonders for everyone once in a while."





What will her colleagues think seeing her like this, with nary a robe or wig in sight? "I don't know, and I don't particularly care. Lawyers are humans like anyone else — I hope they enjoy it. Not that I go for the legal-eagle type myself. I don't like my men too cerebral; I prefer the earthy type who knows how to use his hands!"



With that sort of attitude, it's unlikely Justine will find herself short of work. "The harder the case, the better," she smirks. "I like something I can sink my teeth into." Who knows — she might be the first legal secretary to be admitted to the bar, especially after this pictorial!



**Penthouse rounded
up half a dozen
Australian men to
discuss (and
debate) what it's
like to be a male
in the Nineties**

the MEN'S ROOM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID IACONO & MATTHEW SCROOPE (SD34)

Check out any of the vast range of women's magazines available in Australia and you can't fail to notice two things:

(1) They provide a forum for the dissection of every conceivable aspect of the feminine psyche. No stone left unturned. No neurosis left untreated. No wound left unbandaged.

(2) The primary object of all this verbiage, the butt of boundless criticism and source of much gnashing of teeth is (and has been for at least the past 15 years) the Australian male.

Nevertheless, the evidence is pretty clear that most women don't want to do without us and most of us have no intention of doing without them. It's time, then, to redress the imbalance in the war of words and promote a bit of mutual understanding by giving men a voice, a platform from which to air their manifold grievances, a sounding board for all manner of topics related to the fundamental question: "What's it like on the male side of the fence?"

The method was simple.

Penthouse Senior Editor Greg Hunter was assigned the Couchmanlike role of moderator in a "men's forum." He asked half a dozen acquaintances to recommend a single Australian male. The only requirements were intelligence, forthrightness, and a sexual interest in women. To provide as much anonymity as possible, none of the participants was known to the moderator nor to each other. The men were not specially selected to represent a broad range of viewpoints from neo-Neanderthal to sensiter-than-Thou New Man; but, fortunately for the spiritedness of the

discussion, that's pretty much the way it turned out. Boxing gloves were provided to cushion any exchange of blows.

The men burdened with the responsibility of representing their country and their sex were huddled around a tape recorder in a boardroom at Sydney's Intercontinental Hotel. One very sensitive male chickened out at the last minute and failed to show. The five remaining were:

Chris, 32, advertising executive, married

Dick, 28, real estate salesman, single, in relationship

Mickey, 27, flight attendant, single, not in relationship

Serge, 37, teacher, single, not in relationship

James, 32, journalist, single, not in relationship

BONDAGE AND DISCIPLINE

Penthouse: In the post-feminist age men are constantly being criticised by women for these reasons: we are aggressive, we lack sensitivity, we don't communicate our feelings, we are emotionally crippled by comparison with women. Do you agree with that? Do you agree that all of our socialising really does tend to cause us to suppress our emotions and to rationalise them or in some other way escape from what we really feel? Is this the case? Or do you think, when you read these observations: "This is crap. It's not true."

James: Well, most of my friends are women. And the main reason for that is that over the years I've found I can talk to women better than I can talk to men — on a wider range of topics, with less game-playing about what you know and what you don't know. It's *who you are* that women are interested in, whereas with blokes . . . talking with blokes is something I enjoy too, rabbiting on about sport or whatever, but there's always some sort of material topic of conversation, whereas women are much quicker to get down to the nitty gritty of who you are and what you feel. And that's the basic reason why I prefer women; I've sort of grown up liking to talk like that — and I find the sort of abstract male conversation sometimes quite dreary, especially with blokes you've never met before.

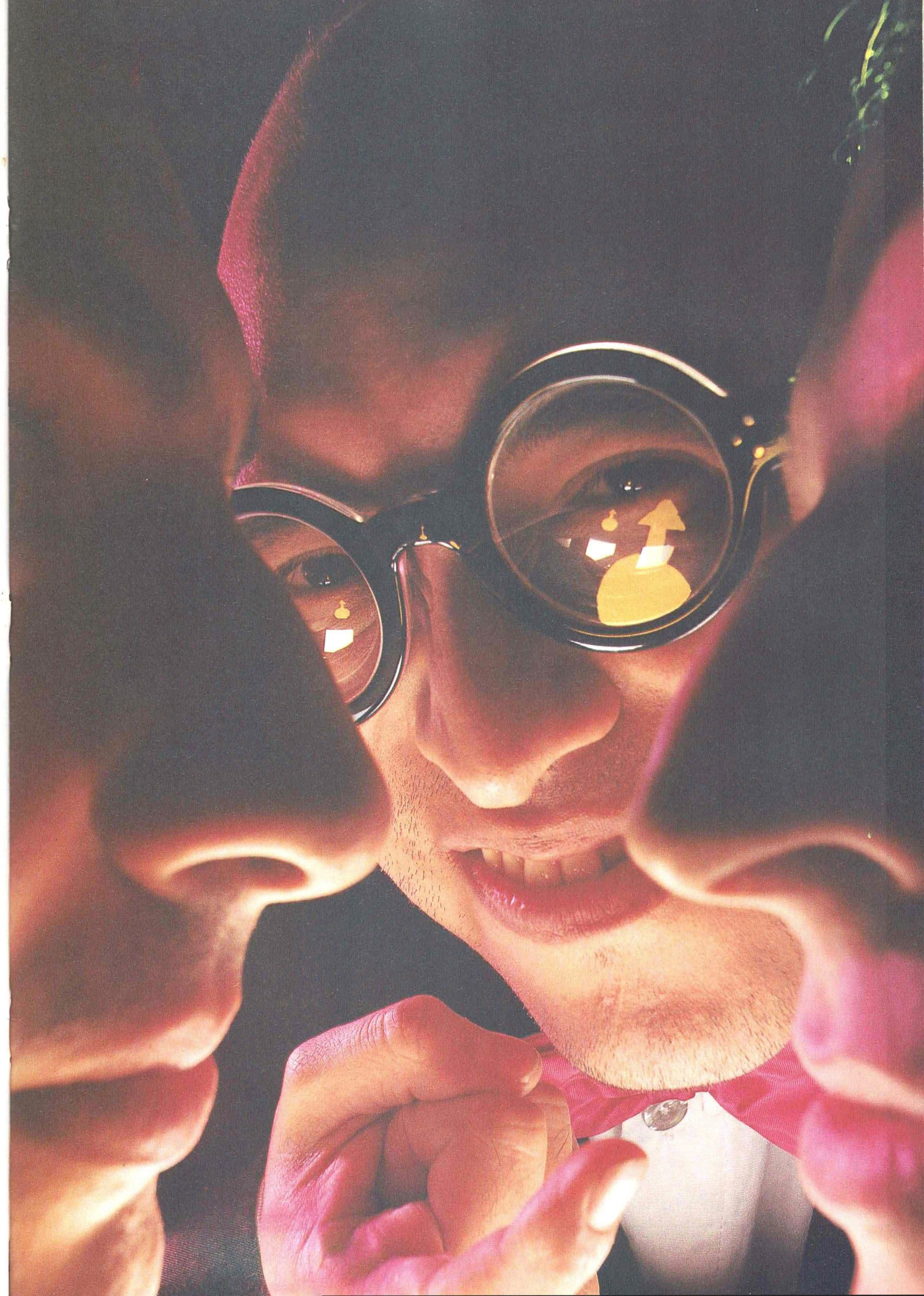
Chris: Oh mate, I've had some dreary conversations with women; I mean, let's not go overboard . . .

James: Oh, I know. I'm not trying to romanticise women, but . . .

Chris: Sometimes I'd rather talk to the bloody washing machine than the woman next to it in the laundromat.

James: Sure.

Serge: I work with a lot of women and I find a lot of them



the MEN'S ROOM

very tedious.

Chris: Equally for blokes. But let's not go over the top about how fabulous women are all of the time...

James: Sure. But one of the things I do like about all this criticism that's being levied at blokes, and about women's increasing independence, is the fact that blokes are actually learning to open up a bit better now, and you can have some great raves with fellers, too.

Penthouse: Does everyone agree that this change is actually happening at large?

Chris: Sure it is. Flares are out and open minds are in, mate. I don't know if those facts are related. I doubt it.

Penthouse: Men are copping a great deal of criticism from women which they never really had to cop traditionally. Is anyone feeling any pressure as a result of that? Pressure to change, to conform to a new idealised image of the male?

James: I was really glad when it happened because I was never butch anyway.

Chris: James looks pretty butch to me. I think you get flare-ups occasionally. Wander down Glebe Point Road [a lesbian enclave in Sydney] and be your outgoing macho bloke and you can get the shit beaten out of you. I know this bloke — poor little bloke he was...

James: Can you explain what you mean?

Chris: I'm just saying there are pockets of outrage. I don't believe that there's this all-encompassing, synchronised movement that's going on. I mean, there are areas where you find it. This guy I was talking about — he's literally five feet one, he had some sort of gland disorder, and he was walking up Glebe Point Road one night...

Serge: With his gland...

Chris: With his gland. And two lesbians beat the Christ out of him.

Dick: Penis envy, mate. That's what it was.

Chris: I'm not saying that typifies relations between men and women, either. It's not going to happen everywhere, that kind of thing.

James: I think the point is that the educated *bourgeoisie* are responding to these pressures, whether they're conscious of them or not. I think men are changing, whether they're conscious of it or not, and have been for the past ten or 15 years.

Dick: I get a fair bit of pressure. I keep getting told to grow up and push my mates aside. But I enjoy being with my mates at the surf club or the pub, carrying on like schoolkids.

Mickey: Are you criticised for not having any stability? That's something that falls back on me all the time.

Dick: Sure. There's times when I'm happiest with my female partner, but

there's times when I've just got to step out. But they want it all one way. They say, "Well, who is it? Me or your mates?"

James: I've never experienced that sort of division. One of the things I like in a woman is her ability to have fun with you too, and sort of act like a kid and all the rest of it. I don't see that as an exclusively male activity — and then you go home and be nagged for not growing up. If I can't have fun with a woman, well...

Penthouse: Has anyone made an attempt to change in response to all the criticism of the traditional male, and if so, for what reasons?

Serge: Hah!

Chris: I drink Resch's Longneck now. That's a major change away from the boutique lifestyle I was living. I'm thinking of buying a blue singlet. And I've got "Holden Kingswood" painted on the back of my Porsche. But apart from that, no.

Dick: One thing I've noticed is that you find a lot of girls who have very good male friends who are gay, and I suppose they can relate to them a hell of a lot more.

James: There's no sexual threat. That's what I've been told, and I presume it's true.

Dick: Well, I don't know that that's what it is.

Chris: That's what it is, for sure.

Dick: But there are a lot of girls who tell you: "Look at Michael — he's gay and he's wonderful." Is it purely because he won't put the hard word on them?

James: Yeah.

Chris: Sure.

Dick: So do they walk around in a defensive mode all the time, thinking every bloke at the bar wants to fuck them?

Chris: Yeah. And it's probably pretty true. I was in an aeroplane the other day and I happened to make the comment to the dental nurse next to me that the difference between men and women was that possibly 98 percent of the men on the plane would, given the chance, rush up to the back toilet and copulate with any of the air hostesses — any of them — whereas you wouldn't say the same thing about the women on the plane in regard to the male stewards.

Penthouse: Back to the question: has anyone made any attempt to change their attitudes?

James: I have.

Chris: Yes, I'll say I've had to.

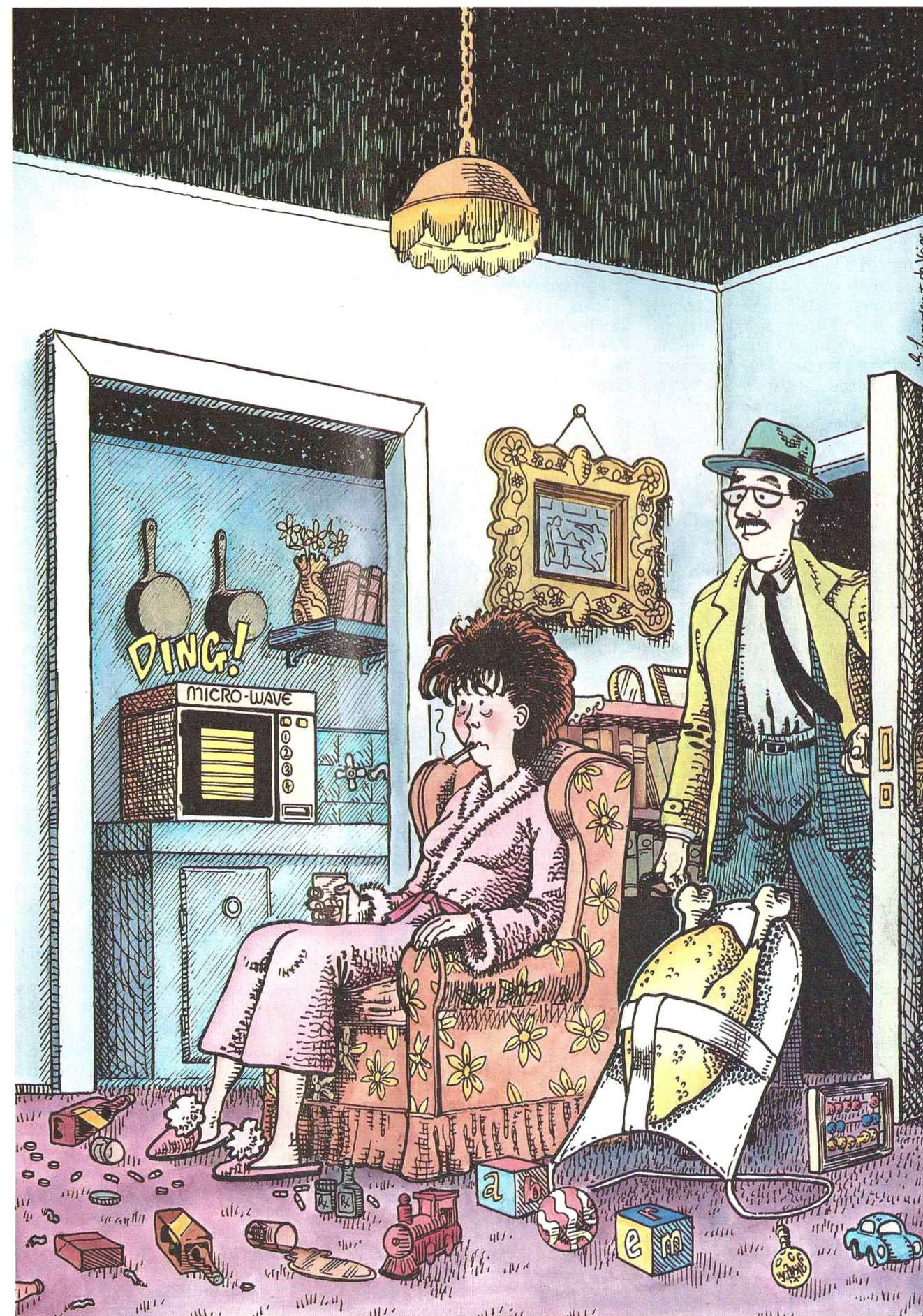
Dick: Yep.

James: When I was at university in the early Eighties, I struck feminism and I thought: "You beauty. This is the left-wing, non-violent, revolutionary socialism that's going to change the whole world's values..."

Chris: You were naive.

James: I was hopelessly naive. And I thought: "This is the politics for me. Fantastic — the politics of conversation and non-confrontation..."

Chris: James, where did your mother and I



the MEN'S ROOM

go wrong?

James: Anyway, it turned out that when I actually got down to the nitty gritty, the only role I had in feminism was to go to encounter groups and talk about my problems with women to other blokes. And I couldn't actually have any sort of dynamic role. I couldn't lead the women down the path to sexual freedom. And I suddenly realised: fuck, what can I do as a bloke, if I believe in this so strongly — and I did and still am tainted by it — what can I do? Basically, one of my responses (and whether this is just a rationalisation or not, I don't know) was this constant feeling, for many years, especially when I first got in the workforce, that I shouldn't be in positions of authority, because it was so easy for me with my background. Being a male middle-class fella, I had all the opportunities — so I should stand back and let women, who were often much more intelligent and determined than me, do it. That colored my attitude, I suppose, until the last two or three years, when I finally decided to go for it. I don't know so much that I *changed* [as a response to feminism] — it was just that all this accorded with who I was. Because, as I said earlier, I've never been particularly butch or macho, so I didn't have to really alter that much. And I also found that

through all this period, I'd often get women turning around to me at the end of the affair — whether it lasted a weekend or six months or whatever — and saying: "Well, actually you're a misogynist anyway. You're just covering up. You're just one of these dreadful left-wing guys who go around pretending to be sympathetic to women when really they're the biggest sexists in the world."

Penthouse: I wanted to get down to this. A lot of criticism is levelled at men who have tried to change their attitudes to accommodate feminist views on the traditional male, to the effect that they're only doing it in order to make themselves better candidates for sex.

James: Yes. Exactly.

Penthouse: Anyone have any confessions to make in that area?

Chris: That sort of superficiality *disgusts* me. (Laughs)

Mickey: I've done it.

Chris: I can't believe it.

Serge: I don't believe it *works*.

Chris: I can't believe you'd stoop that low just for a few minutes' gratification.

James: Stoop that low? I've spent *hours* that low.

Serge: I think being an arsehole works better.

James: My problem is I can't carry off being an arsehole. I laugh at myself.

Chris: I don't know, James. I saw you rip the head off that budgie on the way in

here.

Serge: I seem to hang around with a group where outrageous sexism is a joke. It's *funny*.

Chris: It is. It's sort of punk, isn't it?

Serge: I don't know how much of it's put on and how much of it's real, but I reckon being sensitive and wimpy doesn't seem to get you anywhere. You can't make jokes, for example, because you've got to be fucking serious; you can't yell and scream because you've got to be sensible; and it just doesn't work. Women might like deep, sensitive men — but, fuck, not on their initial meeting.

James: Look, you don't have to make jokes or be deep and serious *all the time*; obviously there's some ideal combination of the two that suits your personality and suits the woman that you're interested in. I mean, I make some of the worst black jokes — about Aborigines, women, babies ... that's just my sense of humor. But the thing is, I don't go out to try and impress a woman with my sense of humor.

Chris: Wasn't it you that told me this joke, James? "What's black and brown and looks good on an Aborigine? A *rottweiler*."

Penthouse: Society bombards men constantly with erotic images, as it has always done — and people like Chris are very good at doing this, and so too, admittedly, is a magazine like *Penthouse* — but we're being asked now to turn our backs on those stimuli and become the perfectly non-sexist Sensitive New Male, and if we fail to effect this change in attitude we're criticised. Is too much being asked of us? Is it all too hard?

James: Obviously it's not too much to cope with. I don't think there's been a rise in men reporting serious mental problems because they've seen too many women draped across Ferraris.

Serge: Maybe I'm a bit older than you guys, but I don't find that sort of image all that interesting any more. I'm nearly 70, though ... Seriously, I'm not going to behave as a New Sensitive New Age Man or whatever it is, because it's *boring*.

James: I'm not about to go around chewing out women for triggering my sexual drives, either.

Chris: They want you to respond.

James: I was saying earlier that I did have some few years where I did think seriously about "my role as a man" and blah blah blah, but I finally thought: "Fuck it — if I'm not myself, nobody's going to like me — least of all me."

Serge: True.

Mickey: That's so true.

James: So I'm sensitive some of the time; and other times, I'm not so much a sexist prick (I hope) — but so what if I like slam-fucking or whatever? Big deal, you know? Lots of women like that too. But my bottom line these days on all this erotica in the media is that what's all right for men is all right for women, and there's no equality in that area.

CAUTION: WOMEN AT WORK



Penthouse: All right, we know what the issues for women are in the Nineties because they're always on the agenda; what are the issues for men in the Nineties?

Chris: Well, I'm looking for a fairly macho sort of woman ...

Penthouse: Is anyone feeling, for instance, heaps of pressure at the moment because there's pressure to change and become more sensitive *and* at the same time go out there, kick arse and bring home the bacon in a work environment that's tougher than it's ever been?

Chris: It's hard enough getting to work at ten o'clock without worrying about bacon.

Serge: You read my mind.

Chris: You try parking a manual car while operating a car phone. Impossible. It can't be done.

Dick: I agree with that for sure. Women will say in one breath that they don't need money, they need all these other things ... I reckon they have all these idealistic scenarios from watching too much *Neigh-*

bours or *Country Practice* or whatever, where everything's perfect and it all falls into place. The fact is if you're not out there fighting tooth and nail for a buck, you're not going to get anywhere.

Serge: There's a woman at our school who's a radical feminist lesbian ...

Chris: Does she take her tablets?

Serge: She should take a big one. But she's got a sort of sticker on her diary that says: "No, Mum, I haven't met Mr Right but I've met Mr Cheap." It struck me that this woman, who is basically alternative and all that — well, what does she want? Does she want men to take her to the Intercontinental Hotel and show her a good time? It strikes me as odd that someone who is supposed to be against the old values, where men treat women as objects and take them out for a good time in return for sex — she's still got this idea that men are somehow supposed to provide something flash. That she's there to be paid for.

Dick: Not just that. They like to be seen living this Beverley Hills lifestyle, driving swanky cars and all the rest of it.

Serge: I reckon their dreams are just as fucked as ours. They've got their own dreams, which are just as stupid as male dreams. They pretend not to have these dreams, but they do. Basically the dream is that someone is going to sweep them off their feet, who is tall, dark and handsome, macho *and* understanding, a big boofhead but at the same time really sensitive, who

will cry in front of them ... and then this person — who *won't* have this job, who will be there with them all the time to look after their needs — is going to provide them with a whole heap of money so they can be seen at the right places ...

Chris: Soon as he comes along, I'm marrying him. (Laughs) I think what you said there is absolutely spot on: their silly dreams are the same as our silly dreams.

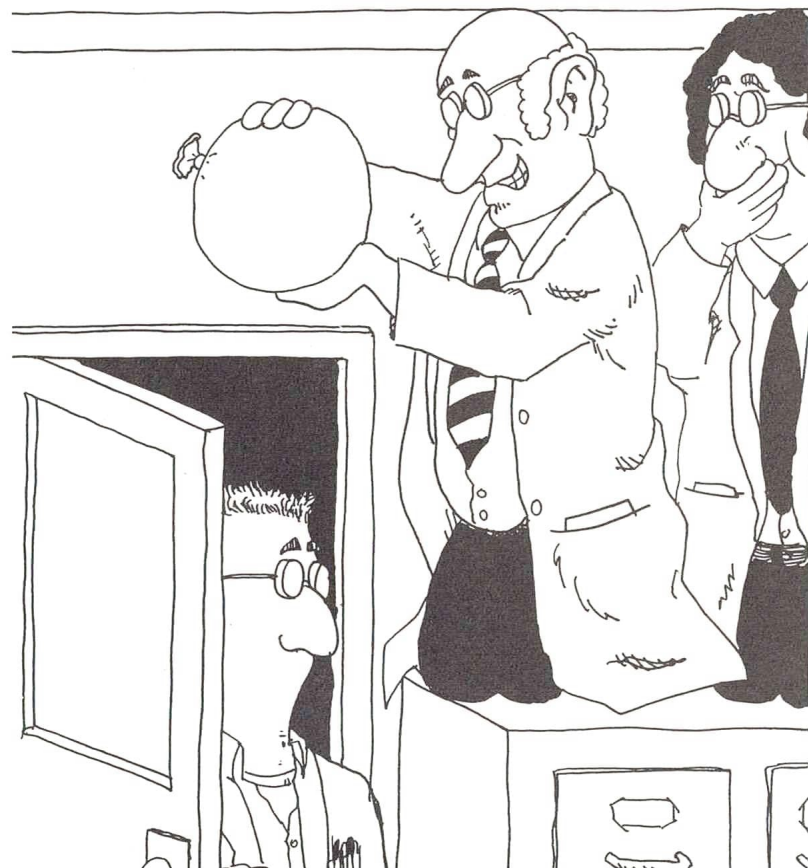
Serge: Dreams are silly. That's what makes them dreams.

Chris: No, they're what makes the world go round. You mentioned *Neighbours* before; apparently in England they think that's the way everyone in Australia lives. That's the great attraction, apparently — this fantastic video Valium, the perfect world, you know, like: "What are you dreaming of, Dear?" "Ooh, a Victa 125cc with a grasscatcher."

Dick: I think that's where you can class women in two categories: those who, like men, will strive to achieve their dreams themselves, without any help; and those who think that, being girls, they should be looked after and nurtured by their partner, and they'll just hang out till the right one comes along. If you don't do the job, it's: "Sorry, Sport — you're gone."

Chris: But I don't think you can say there's a difference between women and men in this area. Seriously, I think one of the most

Continued on page 106



Testing the first condom



Ron Grappler comes home from another hard day at the LSD Factory



the wanderer



"Delicacy" is the word that springs to mind upon first meeting the heavenly Kim Baker. This half-Vietnamese 19-year-old stands just a little over five feet tall, and from the sensual swell of her perfect cheekbones through to the elegance of her tiny hands and feet, she summons up the image of some fragile and exquisite porcelain ornament.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS



The child of an American serviceman and his Vietnamese bride, Kim was born and brought up in California. Defying her delicate appearance, she has over the past 12 months travelled extensively through out Europe and Australasia, roughing it most of the time. There are no definite plans to settle down until she has well and truly exhausted the travel bug.





"I have been travelling with a girlfriend — we sort of look after each other. She, like me, hasn't a firm plan on a career when we get back home . . . if indeed we ever go back," says the soft-spoken beauty. "We're treating everything as a big adventure. I don't know what's around the corner, but if it's anything like the last year, it's going to be fun."





No longer trundling
Toorak tractors, the
new supercharged
Range Rovers are
ripping up the fast lane

MOTORING BY PETER MCKAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL BURROWS

British police in some country regions are using unlikely pursuit vehicles to apprehend speeding motorists. The rural fuzz forces are using Range Rovers, conveyances more usually associated with the tweedy, horsey set. These Range Rovers, however, are not your standard-issue trundlers, but meaner, zippier supercharged versions capable of taking on most of the performance saloons that infest highway fast lane territory. With a top speed of 240 km/h, the Range rockets became the force's swiftest vehicles, out-accelerating all others on the fleet, including the BMW 525i and 2.9-litre Ford Granada 4 x 4 chase cars.

Supercharged Range Rovers are now drifting on to local roads, though not in the hands of the constabulary. The hotrodged Range Rovers are the answer to a shortfall in performance that has frustrated many owners for almost two decades. Range Rover itself recently increased engine capacity of its long-service V8 from 3.5 to 3.9 litres, but there's still scope for more under-bonnet oomph.

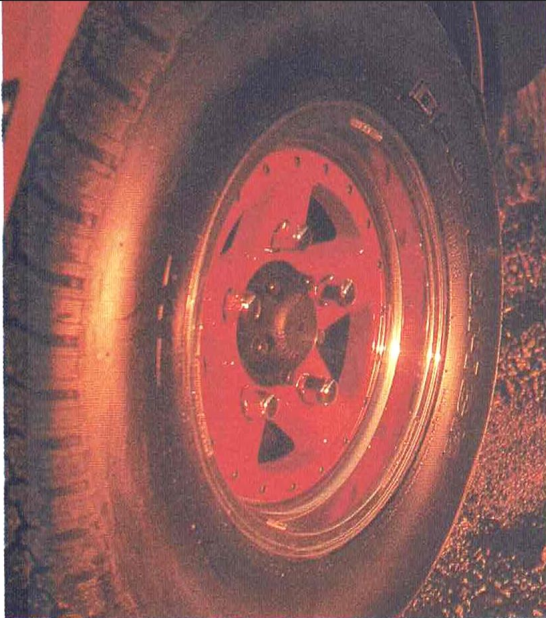
Bolt on a supercharger and a 3.5 Range Rover's power and torque leaps about 50 percent. The power goes from 112kW to 179kW, or, in the old workshop language, from 150bhp to 240bhp. And suddenly more than three seconds is ripped off the standard car's leisurely zero to 100 km/h time.

The power of the latest 3.9 Range Rover won't improve dramatically with assistance from a supercharger; however, it does do wondrous things for the engine's torque, which moves from 304Nm to 410Nm.

Regardless of the success rate of the Pommie plods, this isn't to suggest that power-crazed owners of supercharged Rangies should immediately sally forth to tackle all and sundry in impromptu traffic lights drags. Notwithstanding the evocative Italian scarlet hue of the test Range Rover on these pages, supercharging doesn't turn the hefty British beast into a fire-breathing Ferrari. But it does give it a respectable turn of speed.

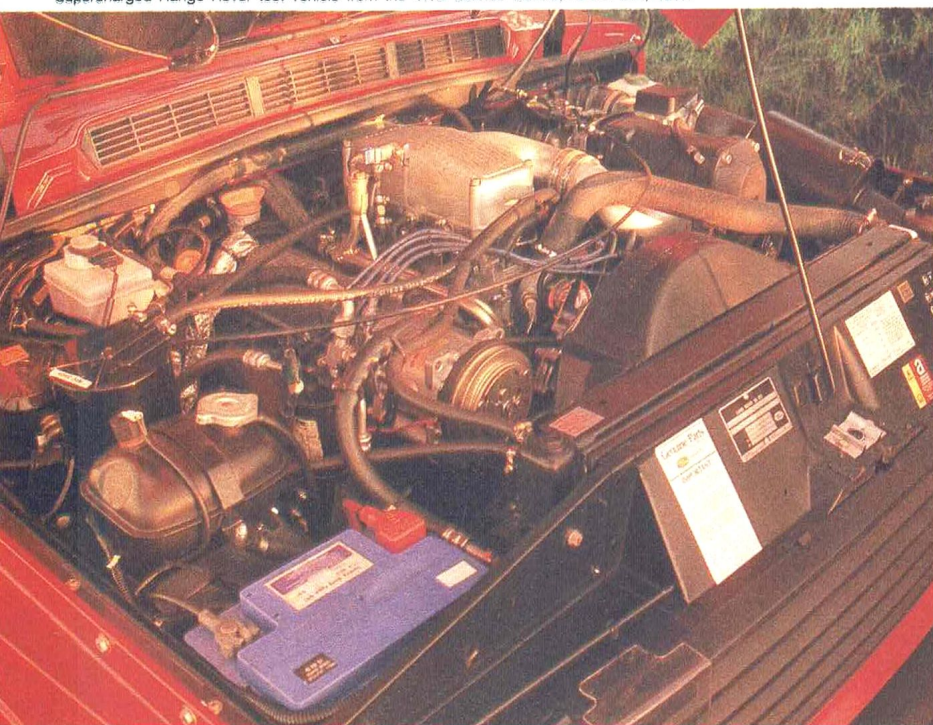
blast-off!





**Superchargers
used to be time
bombs. Now
they're super-
efficient Space
Age technology.**

Supercharged Range Rover test vehicle from the 4WD Service Centre, Taren Point, NSW.



blast-off!

Supercharging is hardly a new form of bolt-on performance. The first supercharger was patented by a couple of American engineers in 1859, way before Karl Benz built a contraption now recognised as the world's first motor car. Supercharged cars have been at Indy since 1923 and in grand prix racing since 1924. The pre-war Mercedes and Auto Union machines crushed other grand prix hopefuls with supercharged power.

Don't mention the war, you say. Well, we have to. Supercharging has long been the conduit to brute power in aircraft design and both sides in the Big One were enthusiastic supporters of this technology. The supercharged Rolls-Royce Merlin of the Allied Hawker Hurricane and Spitfire fighters produced in excess of 1000 horsepower. The opposition team trotted out the BF109 Messerschmitt into which Daimler-Benz had

dropped a supercharged 12-cylinder engine pumping out 1200 horses. Despite the power advantage, Hitler's Teutons still managed to lose the match.

In motor racing, after a string of triumphs, supercharging lost favor and by 1950 had disappeared from the grand prix scene. That other form of forced induction, turbocharging, was to emerge as the Formula One force in later years — through most of the Eighties, in fact. Only in drag racing has supercharging thrived and ultimately survived. Here, ferocious 3000 horsepower s/c engines fling those long and slender AA fuellers over a standing quarter mile in less than four seconds.

As in motor sport, the motoring industry left supercharging well alone for several decades.

The Eighties was the decade of the turbocharger, and most of the major marques tried turbos at the performance end of the market. The Europeans, in particular Saab and Porsche, did much of the

pioneering with production turbo cars, but the Japanese — Mitsubishi and Nissan — refined and honed this technology. But that was yesterday and yesterday's gone. Today the auto industry has virtually dumped turbocharging except in diesel engine applications, where it works beautifully. Formula One has cast it aside too.

Supercharging hasn't yet done a Phoenix and completely taken the place of turbocharging. Far from it. But it's certainly on a revival kick. In Europe, the United States and Japan, car companies are now leaping into serious supercharger development and there has been an upsurge of activity in the after-market area.

The supercharger renaissance has not skirted Australia, where demand is sufficiently strong that the popular Sprintex brand, developed by a Scottish company called FDT and known and sold around the world, has gone into local manufacture.

An indication of the clamor is that greater numbers of Sprintex blowers, made locally by FDT Australia, are sold here than anywhere. Making a modest contribution to our balance of payments too, Australian-made Sprintex units are now sold in the United States, where they're in demand among Chevy Corvette and even Harley-Davidson owners.

The Sprintex design is an advance on the traditional old blower. The basics are the same; like a turbocharger, it's a disarmingly simple device which forces an extra fuel-air mixture into an engine to develop lots more power and torque.

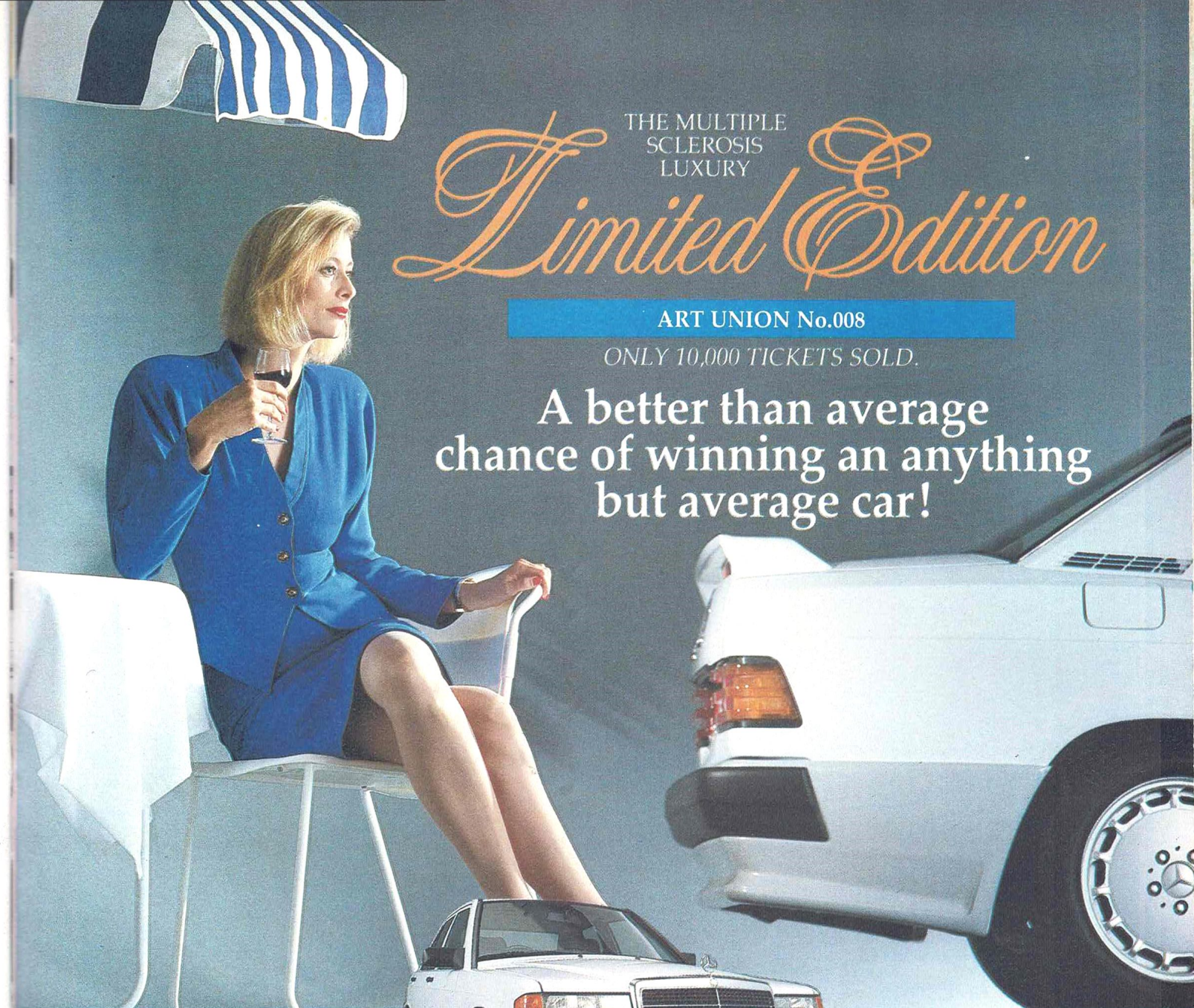
But with the use of new Space Age materials and superior manufacturing methods, today's supercharger is far more efficient than the blower of old. And reliability and durability come with the hike in performance.

The auto world is prepared to give supercharging another chance because this time around it seems to have its act together. In the past supercharged engines were often little better than time bombs. Too frequently it was not a case of whether but when they'd explode (but no, that's not why they're called blowers; that name came about because they force or "blow" air into the engine's intake system).

Efficiency has been improved out of sight by modern production techniques and tooling, allowing very close tolerances. But that's not all. There's a design breakthrough focussing on a pair of intermeshing screw-like rotors housed within the hardened aluminium casing. Synchronised by gears and driven from the engine via a crankshaft pulley and belt, the teflon-coated rotors do not actually touch each other, or the casing, but mesh together so closely they provide the most competent compressor system currently available.

The new generation supercharger is also remarkably compact, draws little engine power, and provides a broad, flat torque curve. It goes to work right across the rev

Continued on page 144



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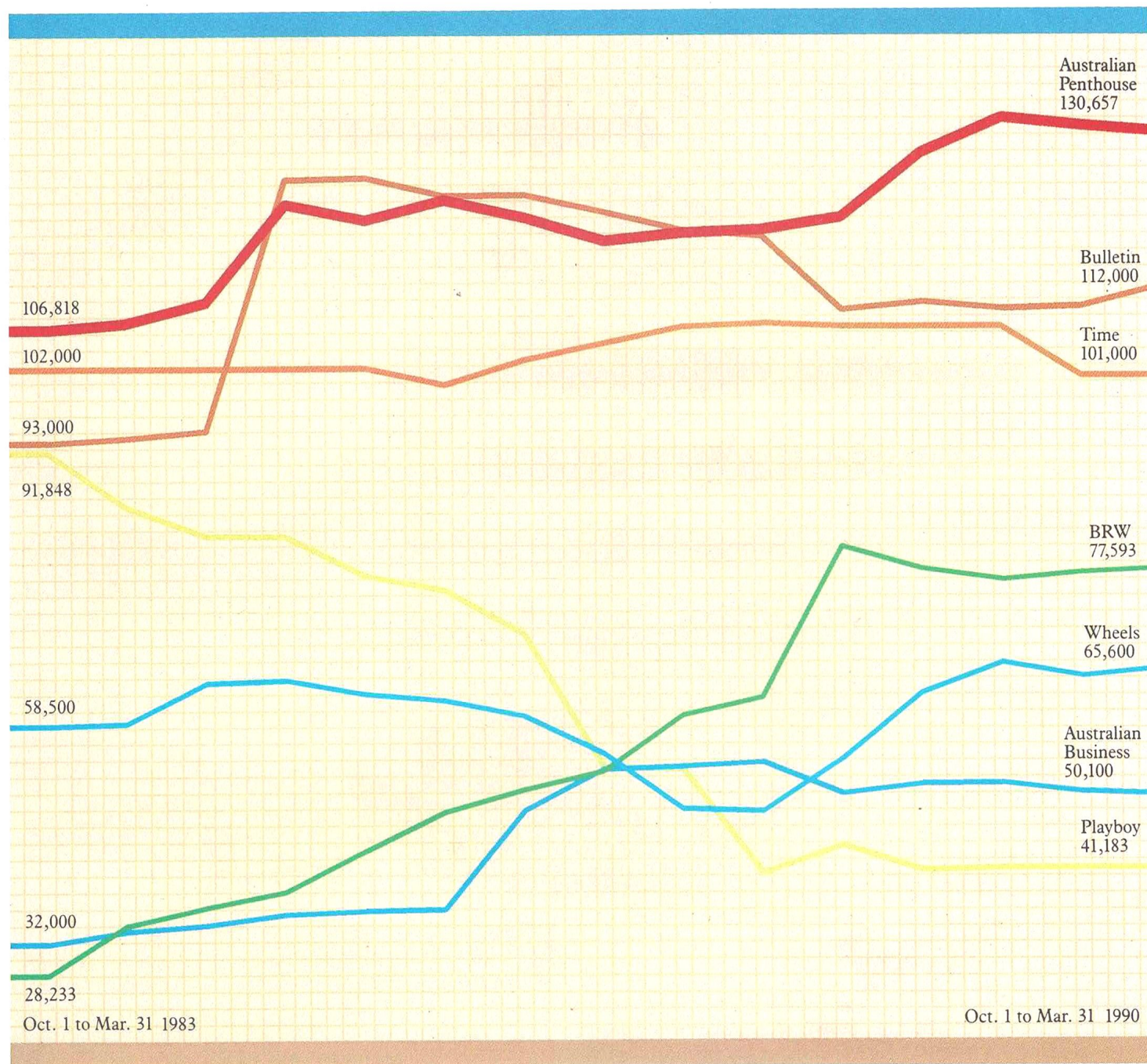
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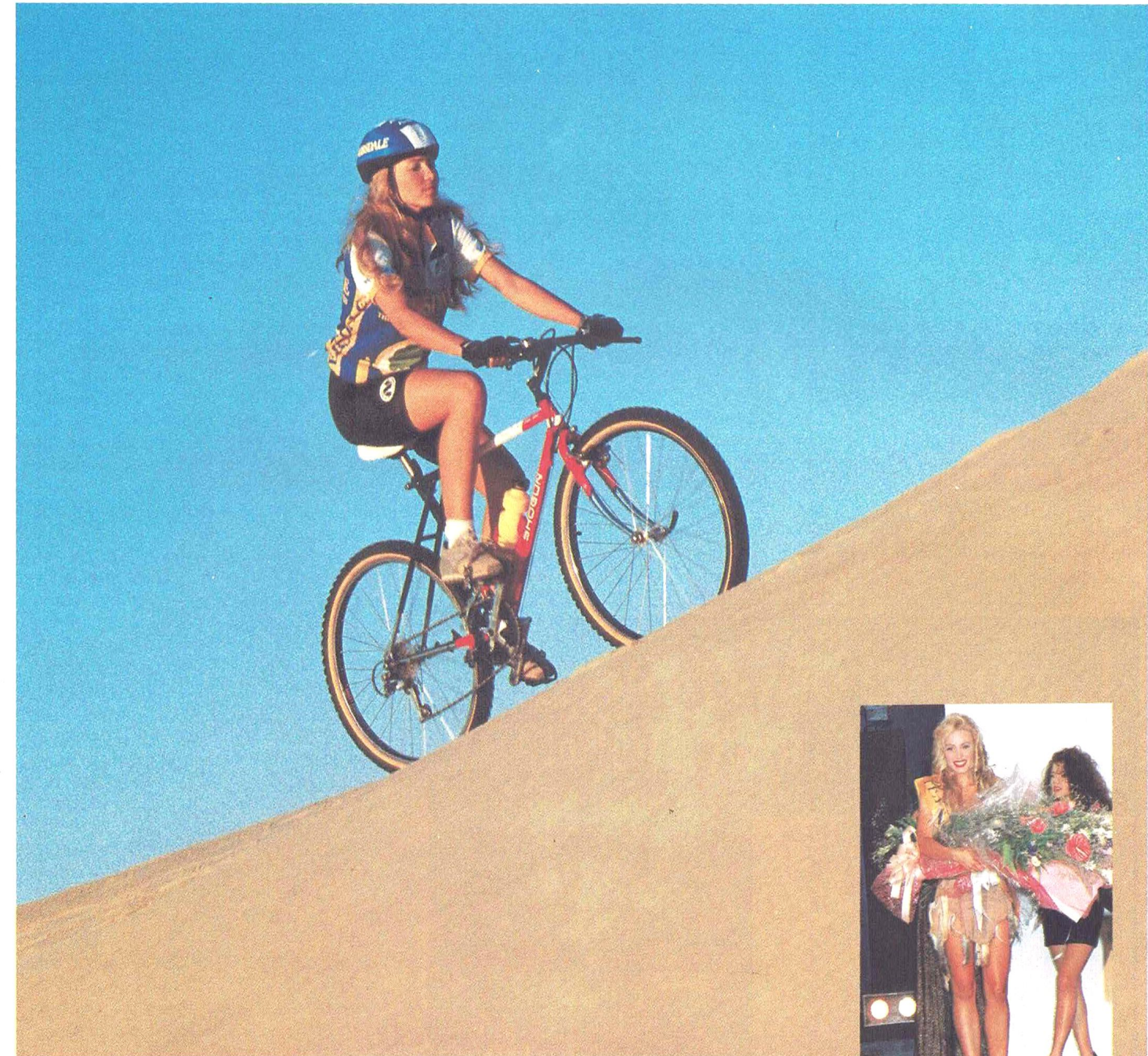


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You don't have to be red-blooded or courageous to advertise in Australian Penthouse; simply smart, with a keen business sense.

on the road

Continued from page 53

smell the phenol. He knew that smell. His father used to clean his car engine with it.

"Civilised, eh?" They thought it was funny to have a toilet out in the middle of the bush.

"Have a piss," Cath demanded, "so you don't wake me up crawling over me like always!" She rummaged in the car for her canvas shoulder bag.

Roddy went to the boot, shining a torch, dragging out the tent, spreading it out on the ground. Feathers of clouds blew in the wild sky and a rising moon lit the picnic ground. The tent sprang up, just as they'd promised. "Sit there!" They pointed to a wooden bench, then took turns to disappear into the toilets. They were guarding him. His parents had warned him; warned him something could happen. He'd heard of people being bashed, tortured. He remembered the German murdered in his sleep. Thugs. They were keeping him for something; they would use him and when they were finished... He remembered *Deliverance*.

Roddy shoved a can into his hand. "Have a drink," he said. Do as they say. When they're asleep, run away, walk down the road, get a lift. Anywhere. The beer fizzed in his empty stomach. He crumpled the blue and silver metal in his fist. Roddy was pressing another into his hand. "Go

on," he insisted, watching.

"Come on, Brucey, in the tent." The girl was tugging his sleeve. It was hot with their three bodies. And the hand was hot that wormed swiftly between the folds of his clothes down to the hot, damp skin of his body.

"Remember what Roddy said," Cath whispered. "You're with us, now!" Her limpet mouth with its sweetly bitter breath plucked at his face while her deft fingers swiftly, expertly spilled him out of his jeans. His own fist knuckled against his teeth muffled the "No!" Behind her, Roddy crouched, his knives and roses wrapped around her belly, thighs gripping, yipping sounds erupting from his throat as he drove into her soft, easy crease, watching him all the time watching over Cath's wild hair.

When they were done, Roddy gave him the sleeping bag, slipping his own lean body in with the girl. She grinned over his shoulder, sliding her tongue around the man's ear. Bruce turned away from them, feeling his head swim. As he stirred, Roddy suddenly sat up, twisting around, jabbing him again in the ribs, leaning so close he felt the stubble against his face, smelled his skin. "Don't think of leaving, either!" digging in extra hard with the last word. Later Roddy slept, his breathing a rhythmic burble.

Gently Bruce pulled back the cover, levering himself out of the bag. The moon was high, casting a soft light on the tent so that he could see Roddy's dark head and

Cath's pale cheek turned aside. His shoes were missing. He was sure he'd left them beside the door. He crept into the night, stepping carefully so as not to move a branch, a twig, a leaf. Moisture glistened in pools along the edge of the road. He stood. He waited. A fine mist of rain fell across his shoulders, damping his hair, pattering on the leaves. He'd forgotten his jacket. His feet were cold in wet socks. The tent was just visible, its blue hexagonal shape squatting among dense trees. A long way off, two points of light came closer, closer, until a car was only a few hills away, two, one, passing. His hand reached out, he stepped forward. There was a long bleat on the horn and the lights vanished over the crest.

He could feel the choke again in his throat. The tent blurred; the silver puddles made a thousand little lights. His come dried gummy on his thighs. Big boys don't cry, said his father. He sat beside the road, the stones digging into his body. A single rock fitted his palm. His hand closed on it, defining its sharp, wedge shape.

He would not go back to the tent.

Later, the clouds closed, hiding the moon. Heavy rain began falling. A total darkness covered him, wiping out the road, forest, tent. Fear nudged at the place between his shoulder blades. He shuffled like a blind man feeling for the path, searching for direction through the soles of his feet.

The concrete floor of the toilet block was cold but smooth. The smell was strong. He slid down the wall until his buttocks rested on his heels, his backbone cradled by the corrugated wall. His eyelids came down and he lost the image of Cath, the sound of Roddy's voice, "Don't think of leaving, either!", the point of pain in his ribs.

With the grey dawn the first birds began their noise. A little sound disturbed him, a tiny drumming, persistent, close by. Roddy was urinating on the other side of the wall. When he had finished, he would look for him, find him crouched on the concrete, laugh as he booted him. Cath would laugh too, even as she stood cleaning her teeth. Their laughter filled his skull. No, no, no, NO!

He crept out the door, the wedge of rock firmly gripped. The man was just visible, a tall shadow leaning, propped with one arm against the wall. Rock smashed, sliced across pale temple and all in one movement he had turned from the silent, crumpling form and was running, running towards the dark, safe trees.

Back at the tent, Cath was calling, sing-song: "Brucey baby? Where are you?" Her voice cracked on a querulous note. "Hey, Bruce! Come on, it was only a game!"

His feet pelted him into the wet forest, hiding him from her although he heard her scream. It faded away until he only heard the noisy birds and the sound of his own crying as he turned his face against a tree and wept. OH



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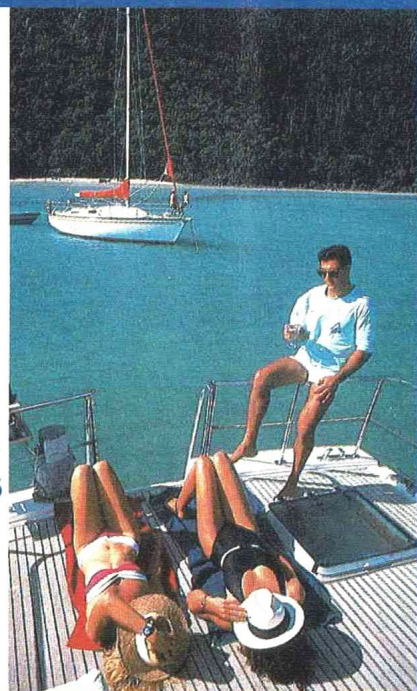
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working



partners

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND

It had been a late night for David and Samantha. Sometimes these business trips could be hell: high-pitched sales to unreceptive clients, and no thanks from the boss. And then the necessity of the shared room. Still, it was a magnificent morning, and from their hotel window the mist-shrouded bay looked beautiful. Almost as enchanting, thought David, as Samantha.

Strange. They'd been working partners for years, a highly effective team, but he'd never felt drawn to her all too obvious physical charms. Maybe it was the champagne — maybe the way her scant underwear highlighted the smooth curve of her back, the proud jut of her firm breasts. She, for her part, found herself admiring David's heavy musculature as he reached over for the bottle. "David . . .," she murmured as he brushed her thigh.





The bed was mercifully close. They caressed each other, tentatively at first, then with growing confidence as their excitement grew. Years of indifference melted away as their bodies, for too long strangers, made friends with a vengeance.







Morning faded into afternoon, but their pleasure knew no bounds. The phone's insistent buzz remained unanswered. Room service knocked, then went away. Locked in lust, fingers and tongues saying what words never could, David and Samantha had left the outside world behind. Work would never be the same again.



the MEN'S ROOM

Continued from page 79

pathetic things in the world is the syndrome where the girl leaves school and her ambition is to get married straight away, get pregnant shortly after, throw the first kid, throw a couple more in the next two or three years, and that's it. And you think: "That's terrible." But they're not getting away with doing that unless there's some bloke on the other side of the fence who's prepared to provide it.

James: They are, though. They're not getting married but they're still having the kids.

Chris: That's another issue in itself. But what I'm saying is you just can't say that it's sad and it's pathetic and it's *women only*. I mean, there's all these blokes out there who happen to think that's the right thing to do too. They just turn the telly on for the rest of their lives and wait till it tells them they're dead and they should hand in their ratings book.

James: Look, none of us ever lives up to the rhetoric we espouse; we all say we're going to do our thing and live a different life, and we don't, largely. But there are a lot of women who tell you they want to be independent and have a really interesting career and blah blah blah, and you're talking along with them, and you sort of say: "Well, what happens next?" And they say: "Um, let's go out to dinner." They basically represent that very typical, normal woman who wants a job but basically wants to focus her life on somebody else; and then you have, as Dick said, the career women who don't particularly seem to want male support and who want to do it on their own. And I find that a really interesting inversion, in that when you get right down to it with these career women, they *still* — like the other women who want to be more domestic and are less ambitious — these women still tend to want a guy who's *more* outgoing than them and who gets *more* than them. So women *always* seem to be striving for a guy who's getting more than they are. There seems to be: (a) very little equality, which I think is a very difficult thing to achieve anyway; but (b), more importantly, there's very little role switching in which the guy becomes more nurturing than the woman.

Chris: I think it'd be great to be a housewife sometimes.

James: Yeah. Love it.

Chris: Spend the morning at the beach, then into the 350SL and pick up some *taramosalata* and Perrier for lunch, hubby comes home at the end of the day and you pork him once every year . . .

Serge: That's a married man talking.

Chris: Cheap way of paying for the Am Ex bill, eh? I reckon that's better than going into the concrete jungle and spending the whole day fibbing on the phone, continu-

ally saying: "Fuck, I was only trying to do the right thing and I've just been shafted horribly." Given the choice, I wouldn't mind being a househusband instead. I suppose I'd need Maria the cleaner in five days a week, though.

Penthouse: Has everyone here been in a situation where they've worked directly under a woman?

Chris: For a few minutes at a time, yes. (Laughs)

James: I have, yeah.

Penthouse: Does it differ in any way from working under a man?

James: Well, you've got more mouth room. (Laughs) If I had to be simplistic, which this conversation is rapidly becoming, the difference would be that women offer more variety; they're not as typecast. Blokes tend to want to play the game of being boss a lot more, whereas women aren't quite as used to it. You can have dreadful bosses of either sex, but

“
Her role
is the victim;
his role is the
arsehole — and he
feels like
one.”

women seem to allow more of their personalities through. The good working relationships I have had have generally been with women, because they were prepared for more interchange. Guys will say: "I'm the boss. I've made the decision. See you later."

Dick: I've worked with a woman who I found in business to be quite ruthless, much the same as a male, but in the social situation, her personality changed like you wouldn't believe and it was great fun to be out on the town with her . . .

James: I think guys tend to sort of blur the distinction between work and play — whereas for women it [power] is still a new thing, even for "power women", and they notice themselves the change when they kick their shoes off at the end of the day — whereas guys define themselves more by what they do, and carry that same personality through every aspect of their lives.

Chris: The trouble with radical feminists is they've just got no sense of humor. They really are the Women Against Fun Society. I suppose you could say it's a good thing because it helps the pendulum to swing the other way and you've really got to kick

it out at one end to make it come back eventually towards the norm — but on any issue, whether it's men versus women or the culling of koalas, if you don't have a sense of humor about the way you go about doing it you're losing the opportunity to be taken seriously, I reckon.

Serge: In my job, there's this Equal Opportunity thing where women get jobs in preference to men because they've been oppressed in the past. And it seems to me that the ones who are getting the benefits are the ones who've never suffered. The ones who come in and get the jobs are usually articulate middle-class women who went to uni, while the ones who *have* been oppressed, the ones who *have* been discriminated against, are *still* being discriminated against. It really gives me the shits that these women can be so high and mighty about it when in fact they have never been disadvantaged as individuals, and they're claiming the rights and the spoils of it all as representatives of their sex.

Chris: Any promotional system where you get promoted on any other basis than talent is ridiculous — be it women over men, black over white, senior over junior, it's an absurdity. It's artificial so it's going to result in all sorts of silliness. The best person to fly a plane should be the person who can best fly the plane, not the woman who happened to be on the spot when they said: "Shit, we'd better get a woman to fly the plane." Yesterday there was an article in the paper saying that a woman had applied for a job which entailed body searching male prisoners, right? She didn't get the job so she went to the Anti-Discrimination Board and *won the case*. I mean, fuck — what if a bloke was to be refused a job body searching women in a women's prison? He'd last about two seconds in front of the Anti-Discrimination Board.

Serge: It's like with John Elliott — the squeaky wheel gets the oil. If you have power, you have a voice, so you're the one whose complaints are going to be heard. The masses — for example, the migrant women who work at home, especially in the clothing business — these women are working for about \$1.50 an hour. It's incredible. And they have no voice. So when we're talking about "women's issues", I think we're only talking about middle-class women's issues — and usually very, very selfish, self-centred middle-class women's issues.

James: It's amused and vaguely irritated me for some time that these young women who are coming through and making the most of the opportunities in this new era for women . . .

Chris: It's known as EEO [Equal Employment Opportunity]. We call it the EIEIO.

James: The thing that irritates me is that most of these women are too young, as Serge said before, to have even really thought about, let alone fought for, rights



SIX APPEAL

the MEN'S ROOM

for women. And now they're muscling in...

Chris: It's part of the way the world works.

A WOMAN'S PLACE



Serge: My experience of women has been that they're either victims or very, very self-ish. I've seen women who have been completely destroyed by spending their whole lives looking after some fucking turd and putting up with his bullshit; they're victims, right? They hang in there because they've got a heart of gold or a brain of sponge. On the other hand, there are the ones who've had it made all their lives; they've been pampered and fed and looked after and patted on the back and sent to good jobs and ended up being the worst human beings you could possibly find.

James: Doesn't say much about the rest of the human race, does it?

Chris: That's a hell of a generalisation. Surely there's a huge area in the middle of these extremes.

Serge: Okay, but I haven't seen men who are victims to this remarkable degree. Women have a knack for being victims.

James: I think men have a knack for making women victims. And enjoying it.

Serge: I don't know that they're all that happy about it. I think they're pretty miserable while they're doing it. Her role is the victim; his role is the arsehole — and he feels like one.

Chris: I want to qualify something. I said before that mad radical feminists are humorless. But their job in the world is to go and icebreak a point of view and I think it's a good thing that they do that. It was only 20 years ago that they got paid the same hourly rate as men for the same job...

Serge: That's still not always the case.

Chris: And progress like that only happens if someone's out there being really noisy and thumping away and making themselves heard.

Serge: True. Look at how silly people thought the Greenies were 20 years ago.

Dick: Isn't all this [change] really destroying the fibre of what the household was all about, though?

Serge: Was it ever that concrete?

Chris: I think you'll find there's a lot of guys out there who exhibit pretty black and white attitudes about a woman's place in the world, which you could say are appropriate to the Middle Ages. That sort of guy may come into contact with women,

girlfriends if you like, who don't want to go along with that, and he's obviously not going to be with them for that much longer. The tragic thing is when marriage occurs and a kid is thrown and that woman no longer feels that she can escape; she doesn't have the freedom to walk away from a nightmare relationship. I feel very sorry for those women Serge spoke of before — the life-long victims who sublimate everything. And they definitely aren't enjoying it.

Serge: Chris is the only one here who's married, but can you other guys envisage living with the same person for the rest of your lives, bringing up children? At 37, I just find the thought of that appalling — that I'm going to just be there and I can't piss off for five days like I do now.

Chris: You just need to make sure that the person you marry will allow you to continue to do that.

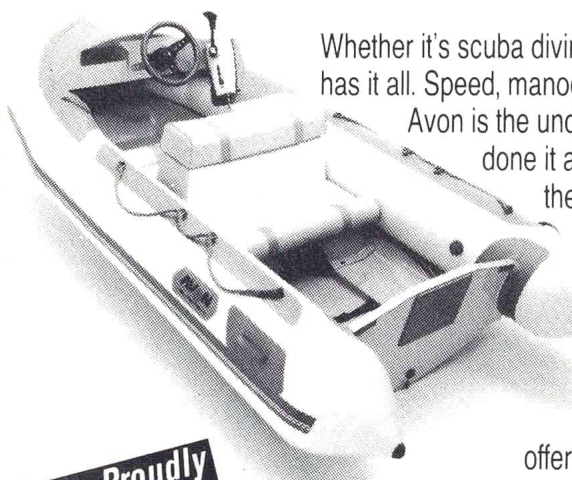
Serge: But that begs the question. Is it possible? What if you have children?

Chris: Obviously that would make it a bit more complicated.

Mickey: There are a lot of men who do that — pack up with their kids and go and do whatever they want for a few days.

Serge: I don't want the fucking kids! Anyway, on that subject of humorless feminism, I think it should be noted that a self-interest is often dressed up as ideology, isn't it? They want equality, but basically what they're doing is looking after Number

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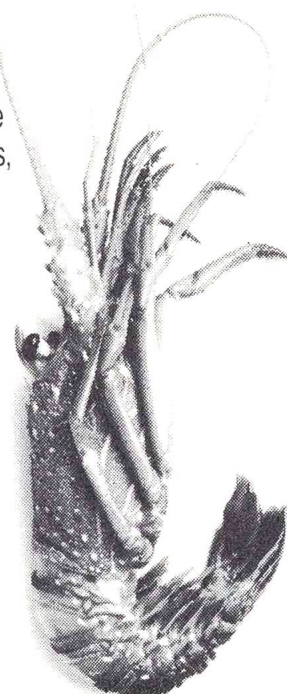
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the MEN'S ROOM

One.

Chris: Sure. And you can only trust self-interest.

Serge: Okay, so why bullshit about it? Why not just say: "This is what I want." It's a fundamental Marxist analysis, this. The Marxist idea is that every ruling class — or every group that wants something — usually dresses up its very materialistic self-interest in the clothes of: "It's good for everybody." Okay, Marxism has failed in the USSR and Eastern Europe, but it's still a good crap detector.

James: On this idea that you can only trust self-interest — think of the classic notion of the family, where you've got this little woman who habitually gives herself the burnt chop and sacrifices her whole life for the sake of several other lives. And really, whether it's in people's own heads or mainly bolstered by the media, which reflect our idea of ourselves, we do still have this notion that somebody along the line has got to be altruistic, or else all of us are going to be up Shit Creek. And to bring this conversation back to women, the fact is that it's women who are still perceived in terms of that traditional role. We all expect men to go and do what men do, whereas women are still fighting against their traditional role, and I suspect that's still in a way what feminists are on about.

Serge: They don't want to be altruistic?

James: They want to have a choice.

Serge: But does anyone know one woman who's a housewife these days?

Dick: Yeah, I know a couple.

Serge: Does anyone know a classic nuclear family — man going to work, two or three children, wife staying at home? The Australian dream of the Fifties?

Dick: Sure. 2.8 children, wife not working.

James: They're not in my intimate acquaintance, but I could dredge through my mind...

Serge: You've seen an ad. (Laughs)

James: This is interesting, because you were saying earlier: "I don't want to get married because I can't do all the things I do as a single bloke." So you have this image of marriage meaning that you can't do these things — but that's what it was like in the Fifties, where you had three or four mouths to feed and you as the breadwinner had no options. Yet here we are in the Nineties, and life has changed; we've all agreed on that, one way or another. And yet here's at least one member of us — and probably all of us to a greater or lesser degree — still walking around with fairly fixed attitudes shaped by that long tradition of the nuclear family.

Serge: All right, could I ask it a different way, then? Is there any chance that the feminist dream — the guy that sort of bleeds for the female — is there any chance that it can happen? Can things

change that quickly?

James: Yes, they can.

Serge: Well, if you were a househusband and you went to a party, I mean really, could you stand up there and say: "I'm a househusband"? And could you imagine people telling you you were a decent human being and a wonderful person?

James: Yeah. What do you mean — that people would only tell you you were wonderful if you weren't attached to a house?

Dick: No, Serge is talking about censorship by other people, as in: "What a fucking loser this guy is."

Serge: Yeah.

Chris: You reckon? I don't think they would at all.

Dick: I'm sure they would.

Chris: Okay, sure, people would think you were different — which statistically you would be — but I don't think they'd react against you though, would they?

Dick: I reckon you'd be regarded as someone who couldn't cut it in the male world.

Chris: Well, you choose not to.

James: Is this your opinion, Dick? Or other people's?

Dick: I'm saying it's a general view held by the sort of people I know. I can see the merits in it too, but I'd look twice at him and think: "Why is he doing that?"

(Next Month: Sex, Lies, Pornography Etc; Mateship; and What Men Really Want)

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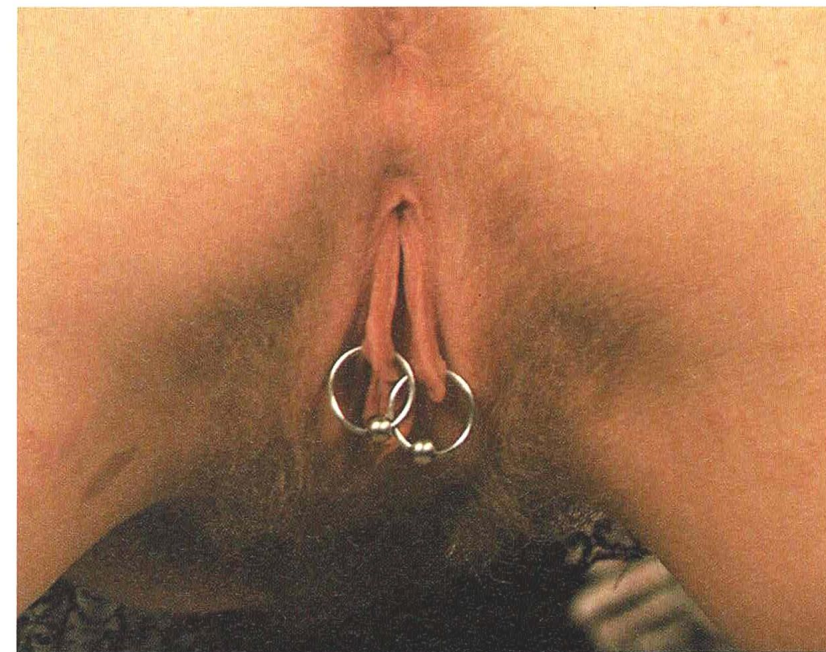
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

Black magic. The Evil Eye. Voodoo. Their inner mysteries would scare the hell out of most, but not Desiree. She lives where others fear to tread, a woman of shadows, a guardian of ancient lore frowned upon by today's society. A lady she may be, but one who understands the raw power of a woman's body, and how to use it to get what she wants. Behold her with awe, and beware: she's more demon than damsel.

sorcery



Thousands of years ago in Pharaonic Egypt, high priestesses developed the art of body piercing to enhance their sexual energy and cement their power over a subject population. Only the biggest and strongest of war slaves could satisfy their desires, and only for one night. The next morning, dazed and crazed, they would be flung to their untimely deaths from the priestesses' ornate bed chambers.

It is said that any who pass between Desiree's rings are slaves for life, prisoners of their own incautious curiosity. They wander in darkness, forever in her thrall, living only to sate her demonic appetite. Like hounds on a leash, Desiree never allows her captives to stray far from her body. And Desiree has many slaves . . .







Terribly bloody" is an accurate description of Alejandro Jodorowsky's latest effort *Santa Sangre* (Spanish for Holy Blood). "Bloody terrible" may be another. Jodorowsky, creator of the bizarre and sanguine cult films *El Topo* and *Holy Mountain*, never could resist spilling the claret by the kegful, and in *Santa Sangre* it trickles and dribbles and spurts voluminously.

Set in Mexico City, it is the story of Fenix (played as an eight-year-old by Adan Jodorowsky and as a young man by Axel Jodorowsky, both the filmmaker's sons). As a child magician in his father's circus, Fenix is wrenched between the influences of his debauched knife-throwing father, Orgo; and the obsessive religious passions of his mother, Concha, who worships the unconsecrated image of a girl who was raped by two men who then cut off her arms and left her to die. When Concha discovers Orgo in flagrante with the circus's sexy tattooed lady, she reaches not for a bucket of water but a bottle of acid to separate the lovers. His groin sizzling sulphurically, the enraged Orgo grabs his knives and slices off Concha's arms before slitting his own throat. The boy Fenix, witness to the horror, lapses into a catatonic state and spends the next 12 years in an asylum. At age 20 he escapes, seeks out his armless mother and, in a sensual symbiotic stage act, he becomes her arms, and off-stage a slave to her murderous will. Much blood-spilling ensues.

Black humor abounds in this initially interesting but ultimately tedious film. Credit is due for fine performances by both Jodorowsky players and the flashy sass and passion of Blanca Guerra as Concha. Arthouse devotees may lap up *Santa Sangre's* twisted vision, but for most it is very difficult to recommend. ★★

Old Tin Trunks is back on the beat and having a hard time of it in *Robocop 2* — this time pitted against not one, not two, but three nasty bastards. The cops are out on strike and the dilapidated and bankrupt Detroit of the future is about to fall into the hands of the powerful OCP, Omni

Consumer Products, headed by the ruthless Old Man (Dan Herlihy), Bad Guy No 1. Bad Guy No 2 is a drug lord by the name of Cain (Tom Noonan), purveyor of the insidious designer drug Nuke, and head honcho of a gang of drug-crazed hoods. Murphy/Robocop (Peter Weller) and his ever-lovin' sidekick Lewis (Nancy Allen) are back doing the stuff that made the 1987 original such a favorite, with Robocop this time suffering the ignominy of being cut up into scrap metal, re-assembled and reprogrammed as a wimp, and ultimately battling a state-of-the-art monster Robocop 2 (Bad Guy No 3, implanted with the brain of Bad Guy No 2, but heck, don't let me give the story away).

A good and full plot concocted by Frank Miller (*Batman*) and Walon Green (*The Wild Bunch*) and a double serve of action should ensure plenty of clenched buttocks on seats for this one, and a wide-open conclusion guarantees yet another sequel. When you're on to a good thing, as they say... and this is a pretty good thing. Directed by Irvin Kershner. ★★★ — C.J. Mackay

Imagine Sean Penn as Lou Costello. After years of playing the tough kid, he takes a spin as an endearing schnook comic in *We're No Angels*. A loose remake of the 1955 film with Humphrey Bogart and Peter Ustinov, *Angels* follows two jailbirds who are mistaken for priests and end up flying straight. Beginning as a satire on the pomp of religion and the circumstance of crime, the film twists into a cheer for family and faith — a disingenuous turn for director Neil Jordan (*Mona Lisa*) and writer David Mamet (*Things Change*), who have a penchant for life's darker side. Wolf Kroeger's Gothic set is the envy of *Batman*, and Penn is goofily appealing, but Robert De Niro, as the Abbot half of the priestly pair, overmugs his part. Wallace Shawn deliciously tweaks his role as an officious monk. ★★½

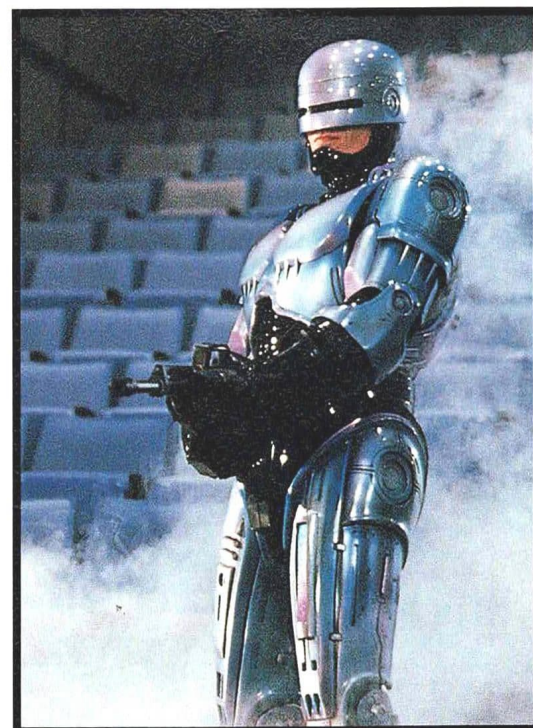
I've always thought Jamie Lee Curtis would make a good Clint Eastwood — the avenging crime fighter — and she proves the point in *Blue Steel*. Always smacking a tough edge, she

FILM

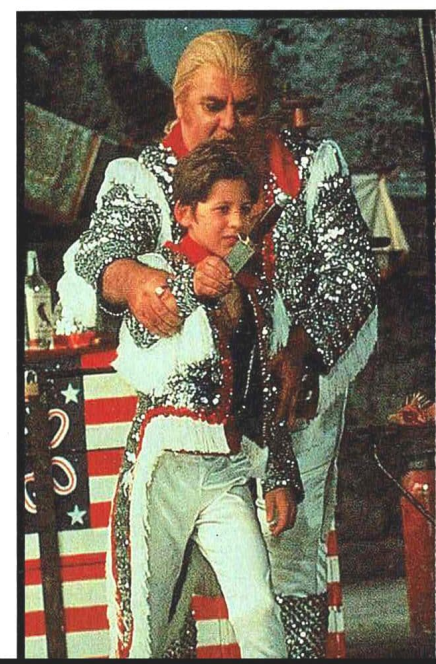
THEATRE OF BLOOD



Above and left: Old Tin Trunks (Peter Weller) is back in *Robocop II*, battling a great selection of baddies. Below: Debauched father Orgo and hapless son Fenix in *Santa Sangre*.



handles the role with taut panache. Written and directed by Kathryn Bigelow with few "feminising" inflections, *Blue Steel* is about the hunt for a psychopathic murderer with death-cult fantasies (Ron Silver). It sports an eerie, sleek gleam, not surprising from producers Ed Pressman and Oliver Stone, but the plot doesn't measure up. Full of holes, it ends up like an old-fashioned horror movie where you can shoot the monster, run it over, bang it up, smash it up, and it won't die. Bigelow, an impressive visual artist, needs someone else at the typewriter. ★★½ — Marcia Pally ○—





PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

BAD MANNERS

Michelle Manners wants to get something straight from the outset. "Are you going to make fun of my name?" enquires the lively and very funny 23-year-old. "Feel free. Every other Tom, Dick and Harry has had a go. Every day is open season on Miss Manners."





Michelle is a professional nude model and makes no bones about it. "Plenty of boners though, if I'm doing it right," she laughs. "I wasn't always a nude model, mind you. I trained to be a nurse. They used to call me 'Bedside' Manners back then. These days I'm 'Bad' Manners."





Michelle's 37-25-36 body, her cascade of blonde hair and her misleadingly innocent face have guaranteed steady modelling work over the past two years, all of it solo appearances. "I wouldn't feel comfortable doing a couples shoot," she says. "I've been asked before, of course, but I've always said that when Manners maketh the man, she prefereth to maketh him in private."

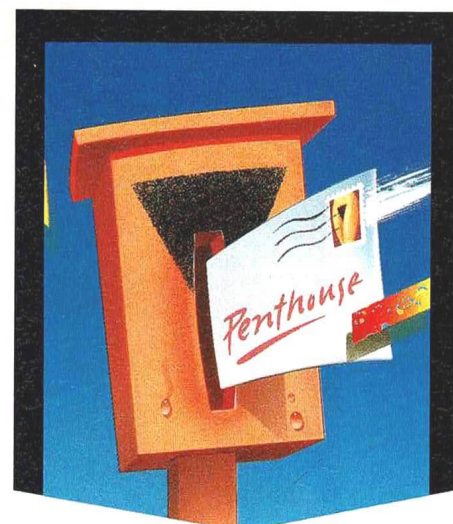


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forum

Continued from page 10

weeks off while he changed bases. Since he would be coming through our area he wanted to stop in to see Dave. I had never met Bert before, but I had heard a lot about him, and from the time of that call, I heard a lot more. Bert had quite a reputation with the ladies. He was said to be "hung like a horse" and could have any woman he wanted, but only went after married women. I also learned that Bert never talked about his conquests. His reputation was gained from the women he screwed, not from his own bragging. I am attractive and have a nice figure. I knew I would never have had any trouble finding a stud, but I had never been tempted to have an affair. My sex life with Dave had been quiet, straight and pleasant, but not something I couldn't live without. I didn't really give the sex side of it that much thought.

Bert arrived just after lunch on Saturday. He was handsome, short and stocky, and very muscular. I found I enjoyed his company, his sense of humor and the attention he paid to me. He was constantly trying to steal a peek up my skirt and I took it as a compliment. Although I didn't really tease him, I wasn't too concerned with how much of me he saw either. My husband had invited Bert to spend the night, or better yet, a few days. They went out that evening for a few drinks, but were back around ten. Bert claimed to be tired and suggested an early night. My husband was asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow, and once he drops off, nothing will wake him up. I lay there for at least an hour, unable to go to sleep, or to get Bert out of my mind. I kept wondering what it would be like to have intercourse with him. At last I got up, kidding myself about having a cup of coffee, but I found myself standing outside his bedroom door. I took my nightgown off, opened the door and slipped inside. When I moved to the bed Bert threw the covers back and turned on a bedside lamp, and he was naked too. I realised he had been waiting for me. Even

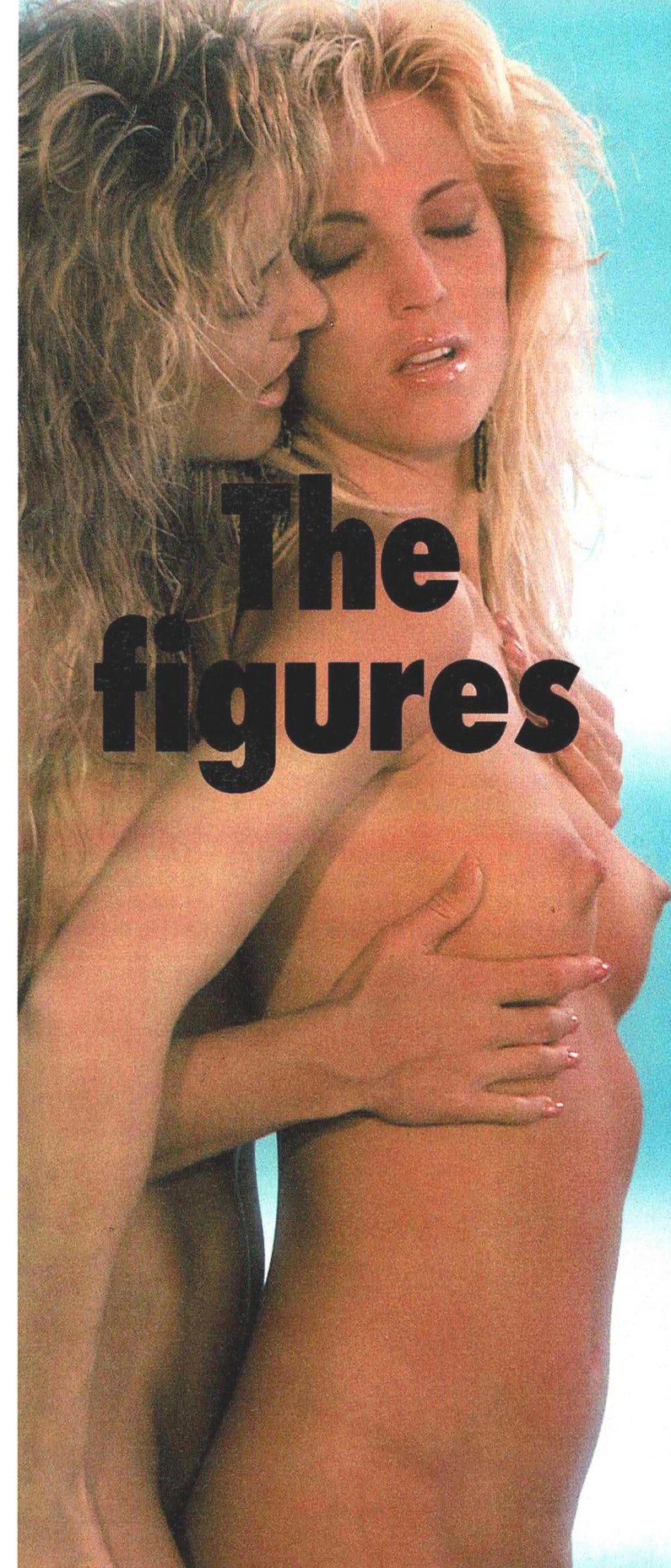
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The figures



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limp, his cock looked enormous. Not a word was spoken. Bert pulled me on to the bed and drew my face to his crotch. I had sucked a few cocks before we were married and more or less accepted it without interest. I never sucked off my husband, but I wanted Bert's cock in my mouth. It really turned me on when Bert started getting a hard-on in my mouth. Bert let me suck him for a few minutes while he felt me up. When he eased his cock out of my mouth I really didn't want to stop. He pulled me over on top of him and had me hold his cock to my pussy. As much as I wanted him in me I was a little frightened. I didn't know if I could take him. His cock was so thick I couldn't close my hand around it. I kept pushing back until the head of his cock forced its way into my cunt. It hurt more than when I lost my virginity, but I wanted it, I wanted it all! The deeper he forced into me, the more it turned me on. I kept pushing back until I had him all the way in. Bert had me sit up straight on top of him. He played with my tits until he had my nipples standing out longer than I had ever seen them. Then he had me lean forward and let him suck my tits. By then I was used to his size, and so hot I wanted to scream! I was so filled with his cock it felt like I would burst. Bert held still and let me fuck myself on his cock until

I brought myself off, and then I almost did scream! It was by far the wildest orgasm of my life. When it passed Bert rolled over on top of me and had me put my legs around him.

He didn't fuck me, he just lay still with his cock all the way up my pussy, kissing me and gently fondling my tits. He asked what I thought of being screwed with my husband in the next room. I had to admit that I found it exciting, just as I found it exciting to feel his prick twice as deep inside of me as my husband has ever been. I asked why he only fucked married women. Bert told me married women were always a better fuck because they never seemed to get what they wanted at home. He didn't have to worry about getting involved in a love affair, and it didn't make any difference if he knocked them up. Then he fucked me, in long, slow strokes, drawing back until only the head was still inside me, and then sinking in to the hilt again and again and again, and my cunt was coming up to meet every thrust. He would screw me until I was right on the verge of coming, then stop until I backed away from my orgasm. After what seemed at least an hour he let me make it, and this time it was even better. Bert pulled his cock out of my pussy and told me to suck it clean. When he pulled it out of my mouth he still had not come himself. Bert told me he was ready for a cup of coffee. He took me out to the kitchen, and insisted that I

remain naked. Before we left the room he took a tube of lubricant from his bag. While we had our coffee Bert was feeling me up and playing with my tits while I stroked his beautiful cock. He lay me back on the table and went down on me. He was as good at licking my pussy as he was at fucking me. Then he slipped a finger up my arse. Bert used the lubricant, and kept working more and more into my arse until he was able to get a second finger into me. Bert took me into the living room, bent me over the couch and moved in behind me. He smeared more lubricant over his cock, then slowly shoved it up my arse. It really hurt at first, then it felt good, and then it felt great! He had me feel myself up while he fucked me in the arse. I could feel his cock inside me with my fingertips. I couldn't take him all the way, but he couldn't have had much left to put in. After a few minutes he pulled his cock out and went into the bathroom to wash off. When he came back he told me he was ready for the main event.

I was horrified when Bert led me into my own bedroom and lay me back beside my sleeping husband. Before I could resist he moved between my legs, and when he shoved his cock up my pussy I was so hot I simply didn't care. I put my legs around him and he started fucking me in long, slow strokes. It went on and on. I was moaning, crying out, begging him to fuck me, unable to believe that my husband

could sleep through this. He brought me off twice before coming himself, well over an hour from the start. Bert pulled his cock out of my pussy and put it in my mouth again. He had me suck him clean, then took me back into the other bedroom. He informed me that I was going to sleep with him, and he would fuck me again the next morning before I went back to bed with my husband. He screwed me at least four times that night, but didn't come in me again. The fucking Bert gave me the next morning was anything but gentle, and even more exciting. He brought me off three or four times before he shot his load. Bert sent me back to my own bedroom, but before I left him he told me that from then on I was to wear a garter belt and stockings whenever I was around him, and I was not to wear panties the next day. It was no surprise that my husband woke up before I did. Throughout the next day Bert would arrange for us to be alone for a few minutes. He would feel me up, or bend me over something, pull my dress up and shove his cock in me for just a few strokes. After lunch he sent my husband after some beer, which would keep him away from the house for half an hour. As soon as the car pulled out of the drive Bert had my dress off and his cock in my mouth. He fucked me long enough to bring me off, then had me suck until we heard the car pull up. I barely got into my dress before my husband walked in.

That night as soon as my husband was asleep I was in bed with Bert, and I spent most of the night with his cock in my mouth, pussy or arse. The more he gave me, the more I wanted. My husband went to work the next morning. Bert fucked me, then took me into town to do some shopping. He bought me a white and a black brassiere that only cupped my tits, a couple of garter belts, and some white, pink and black panties. He informed me that this was the most I would wear during the day. When we got home I took his first load in my mouth. He fucked me time after time in every position we could think of, sometimes enough to bring me off, often just enough to tease me, and always I sucked him off as soon as he pulled his cock out of my pussy. Not long before my husband was due home Bert fucked me in my arse until he was coming in me. Bert ended up spending a week with us. He screwed me during the day while Dave was at work and I went to bed with him each evening after my husband went to sleep. He would often go out with Dave in the evening for a drink or two. One evening my husband told me Bert seemed to have changed, that he didn't chase women while they were out.

A couple of days later Dave and Bert went out for most of the day. Late in the day Bert called and told me to be wearing the white negligee, garter belt, stockings and nothing else when they came back.

When they returned my husband took me into the bedroom to have a private word with me. Bert had told him he wanted to screw me. Dave told me they had talked about it for most of the day, that he didn't mind, and that I would probably enjoy Bert. I didn't know what to say. We went back out and had a drink with Bert. After about half an hour Bert took my hand and led me into the spare bedroom, and insisted that Dave join us. I didn't know what to do. I was hot, and I was afraid. He opened my negligee, put me on my knees and shoved his cock in my mouth. After a few minutes he put me on the bed and played with me until I was begging him to fuck me. He had me top ride him until he came, then my husband screwed me. The two men took turns on me for about an hour. I was sucking Bert's cock when my husband left us alone for the rest of the night. From then on Bert fucked me openly, sometimes in front of my husband, but we always slept together. To this day Dave has no idea that I was cheating on him before that night. Bert still fucks me when he visits for a week a couple of times a year, or I go to him for a few days. My sex life with my husband has improved considerably. — *Name and address withheld*

Licked and sucked

It was one of those special early autumn days. The sun was shining and there was just a touch of a breeze. Possibly the last



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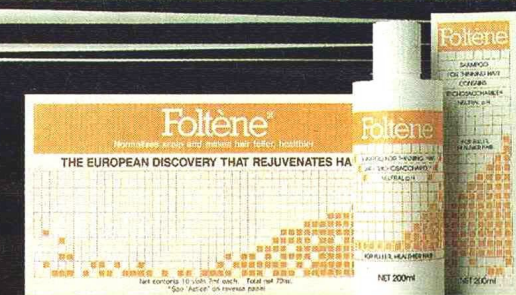
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great beach day of the season was taking place and I decided to enjoy it.

While gazing out at the water and sticking my feet deep into the warm sand, I turned and looked toward the far shoreline, where a woman was walking. I could feel by the walk that I knew her. Even though she was more than 150 metres away, I recognised her strong stride. It took a few seconds because I realised that she was naked (not unusual, since it was a nude beach). I was naked also. We have known each other for more than ten years, and for several of these we played very seductive word games until one day, five years ago, the seduction turned into an actual score. Since then there have been occasions that we've spent together, mostly at this beach or another. They have been the most erotic times of my life.

I'm married and she's divorced. We work for the same organisation, but at different locations. We get to see each other often, sometimes for lunch, where we tease each other and share our fantasies. Anyway, she approached me and we hugged and smiled. While we walked together I told her that I had found a quiet, somewhat private, warm spot up in the dunes and she agreed to join me. We talked for a while about the past, and we smiled as we remembered times of lust,

wind, sand, and biting flies. It didn't take long for me to begin rubbing her back as she sat next to me.

Soon she was lying on the towel, and she noticed that my cock was at full attention. I am always excited when I am with her, and as I caressed her breasts, she bent her head down to nibble and kiss me. Then her head came up and we kissed, softly, nibbling and gently biting. Her tongue licked my lips and darted stiffly into my mouth. Her kisses inflamed me — she did it so well! I caressed her breasts some more and lapped up the beads of sweat that formed on her glorious mounds. I looked down at her pussy and noticed that it was wet and glistening. I ran my finger through the moist patch and parted her soft petals to feel how warm and wet she really was.

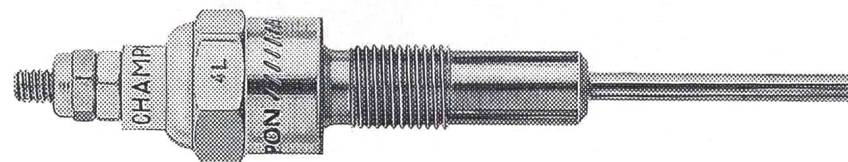
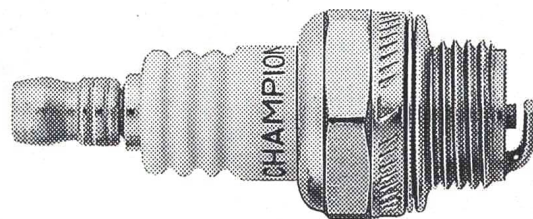
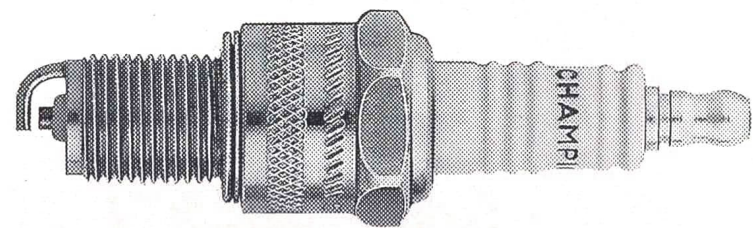
Once, in the past, I had asked her if she liked to be licked. Her response was that she loved to be licked *and* sucked. This time I asked her if she wanted me to suck her. She smiled and nodded yes. I slid down between her legs, gently kissed her thighs, and ran my lips over her soft hair, relishing her smell. I parted her cunt lips with my tongue and began to kiss and nibble the inside of her pussy. I buried my tongue into her sweet and salty wetness to suck on her clit, teasing it and then licking it with my tongue. She began to moan and call my name as I continued to drink between her legs. I savored the

sweetness that flowed from her pussy and gently inserted my thumb. She was steamy. Calling my name again, she grabbed my head and began to writhe in the sand, my face still buried in the burning dampness of her cunt. With a cry and groan she came, rubbing herself on my mouth as I continued to tease and suck on her throbbing clitoris. She tasted so good that I lapped up the juices still flowing from her vagina.

Slowly, she recovered and we hugged. She asked what she could do for me and I told her to do whatever she liked. She began to rub my chest and kiss my nipples as her hand slipped down to softly caress my cock and balls. Gently, she held them in her hand and began to lick and nuzzle my pubic hair. Moving up my cock, she kissed and tickled it with her tongue. Ahh! Her lips circled the tip of my prick and slowly slipped it into her mouth, licking that sensitive nerve that runs right under the head. Her mouth found its way to the juncture of my cock and balls, where she sucked softly.

I began to feel that I couldn't hold back any longer. Her hand and mouth went back to stroking and sucking, and at first I had a mild spasm that sent some drops of pre-come oozing out of my cock. As she licked, I got closer to my time, and finally it happened — spurt after spurt of thick come surged out of my cock and into her mouth. It was wonderful, and she smiled

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after removing her mouth from my prick.

Our breathing slowly returned to normal as we looked at each other with satisfaction. We finally found the strength to pick ourselves up and head back to the shore.
— Name and address withheld

Hold the front page

I was subjected to the most rigorous examination I can remember before I was allowed to take Rachel out. Her very social mother and her upper-deck lawyer father were much more prying than my editor had been when he first interviewed me for my cadetship. At the age of 18 I was prepared to endure it because I was really keen to date the luscious 17-year-old Rachel.

She had been at private school and it was obvious that the girls had spent a lot of their time discussing sex, and their first fuck. Right from our first date she was looking for it. Neither of us knew much about it but we were keen to learn! Then, after a couple of months of fun and games and experimentation, disaster... Rachel rang me in great distress to tell me her mother had found out we were fucking. I presumed I'd be completely cut off, but Rachel said her mother wanted to see me. Frankly, I wanted to chicken out, but Rachel told me to have some guts and face up to her mother.

Rachel's mother, who was about 40, was a good-looking woman, very well groomed, with a superb body. Her picture was often in the society pages. I expected her icy formality to cut me to

shreds, but she seemed friendly enough and invited me inside. While we were sitting on the large settee having afternoon tea she asked me about my job and my schooldays but never touched on the subject of sex.

After we had finished tea and she had put the cups aside she came and sat beside me again and said: "Now what's this I learn you and Rachel have been up to?" I was a little taken aback by her directness, but I stammered something about our being in love and it was natural, etc, etc. She said that she and her husband would be absolutely devastated if Rachel got pregnant. I told her I took precautions and wore condoms. She asked me what brand and did I get the right size. I mumbled something or other and she said if I was small "down there", and she looked towards my crotch, the condom could come off, but if I was very large, it could burst. She kept talking about the dangers of inferior condoms and large, stiff... er, er... male organs.

Her talk about my cock, and her constant glances at my crotch area, made me squirm and I felt an erection rise inside my clothes. Eventually I patted her thigh and assured her I was very careful with Rachel. "Oooo," she said, "your hand is so hot I can feel it through my clothes." I unthinkingly began to stroke her thigh. Her gaze became curiously cross-eyed and glassy. When she went on about a man being careful with a girl if he was large "down there" I was suddenly overwhelmed with boldness. I unzipped my fly and took out my cock. She took a deep breath and just sat and

looked at it — speculatively, I thought. My stroking her leg had raised her dress halfway up her thighs. She had no stockings on, which was unusual for her. I had an urge to kiss her, and she didn't object when I eased her back on the settee and kissed her neck and cheek. My cock came into contact with the warm smoothness of her thighs. I rubbed against her and felt my balls begin to throb. A moment later they erupted. Great wads of thick, hot spunk went all over her thighs, her dress, her panties, and my trousers.

I was overcome with embarrassment — perhaps I should say we were both overcome with come! With shaking hands I grabbed my handkerchief and tried to wipe it up. She just lay back and chuckled. "You delightful, impetuous boy," she said softly. She just lay looking at my still swollen erection. I lifted her dress up around her waist and grasped the top of her panties. She raised her arse as I pulled them down and took them off. She opened her legs and there was her cunt, wet and provocative, the outer lips pouting, and inner lips slightly parted and smiling at me. Her lush growth of pubic hair was slightly reddish. I unbuckled my belt and took off my trousers and stood before her with my cock standing up as it had rarely stood before. She reached for it, and guided it into her quivering cunt.

I felt the whole length slide into her velvety, pulsating vagina with sensational effect. Every nerve of my body seemed to be alive with desire as I felt her vagina alternately closing around my cock, and relaxing in time with my lusty strokes. She held me tightly with her arms and legs, moaning softly as I began a rhythmic in and out movement. Eventually I was forced to gasp: "I'm coming, I'm coming." She spasmed violently and as my cream shot into her I could feel her hot juices running over my balls. Then we lay quietly for a few minutes, until I panted: "That was terrific." She responded: "Ummm, and you didn't use a frenchie, but by God don't you try it that way with Rachel." I looked at her closely. "Does that mean I can go on doing it with her?" She replied: "I don't think anything I say would restrain that cock of yours."

As a young newspaperman I had it made — a beautiful girl to fuck at weekends and her mother during the week. Rachel never knew how her mother's tuition improved my fucking technique. I continued to satisfy them, or should I say myself, for about six months. Then the editor called me in one day and told me how pleased he was with my progress. He was transferring me to take over the newspaper's large interstate office. "You're experienced enough now to go out into the big wide world," he said.

I couldn't have put it better! — Name and address withheld

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GREENPEACE

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP MOND

Would you wrestle an alligator for this woman? Or swing through the trees with the greatest of ease to nestle up against her for some monkey business in the old treehouse? Well, maybe not literally, but it's a fine fantasy, explored here by photographer Philip Mond and his tigerish subject, whom we shall know as Jane.



out of Africa







And what of Jane? Her interests, innermost thoughts, and dreams? You supply the details. Design your own African jungle fantasy around her, and don't stint on the steamy bits. You may start fantasising *now*. (The drums, Carruthers — will those blasted drums ne'er be still? . . .)



SOUNDS

MESSAGE MUSIC

Clockwise from right: Hot house sounds on D Mob's *Stone Cold Roach*; disembodied chants from 808 State; angular arrangements from Robert Plant; rock/pop from Bang The Drum.



conscious state of thought. Immobilise procrastination by action! At "Sunrise" they achieve atmospheric (dare I say ambient) dance music where the ghost of "Do You Know The Way To San Jose?" pays a visit. On the postscript of "The Fat Shadow" they achieve the sound of your household appliances adhering to their own inner groove.

Closer to home, **Fan Club** look like Judas Priest supporters but in true New Zealand style, it's lamb dressed up as a brand new but secretly familiar dish. Spearhead of their invocation to *Respect The Beat* (CBS) is "I Feel Love", with more mixes than a cocktail barman — brilliant target marketing or massive indecision? Still, for serious groove adulation you should visit 808 State. Meanwhile, Mantronix, who spend a lot of time practising each other's names, adjusting their microphones and generally saying a lot about not much, deliver edge and real compulsion.

Edge of a different kind comes from **Robert Plant's** band of younger guns as they attain *Manic Nirvana* (WEA) after a two-year break in recording. The dense, angular arrangements sometimes bend to the blue wind that still fills Plant's sails. In the early Seventies he wanted someone to squeeze his lemon; now he asks: "Come mess with my sincerity, go down on my desire." He sounds serious and passionate but sometimes blows his cover with lines like: "I slept in the same room as Jimmy Page."

Kitaro's *Kijiki* (Geffen), based on folk tales about the creation of Japan, is full of pomp and cinema. A choc-top ice cream is basic listening paraphernalia for this one. At the opening you'd expect a kimono-clad Julie Andrews to come bursting in singing. It's an album plagued with crippling sentimentality that makes Richard Clayderman sound like Herbie Hancock (or was that Tony?). In search of his

own myths, producer Johathan Elias has created a dense, reverential work in *Requiem For The Americas* (Liberation), which chronicles the loss of innocence of the American Indian. Performers include **Jon Anderson**, master of the overblown hyperbole, who can turn a lasagne recipe into a double concept album, **Toni Childs**, **Grace Jones**, **Duran Duran** and the disembodied voice of **Jim Morrison**.

Local exponents of how to *Bang The Drum* (WEA) were, on the face of it, the perfect support for Fleetwood Mac. Tedious rock/pop with enough guitar to feign danger. Sounding at times

808:90

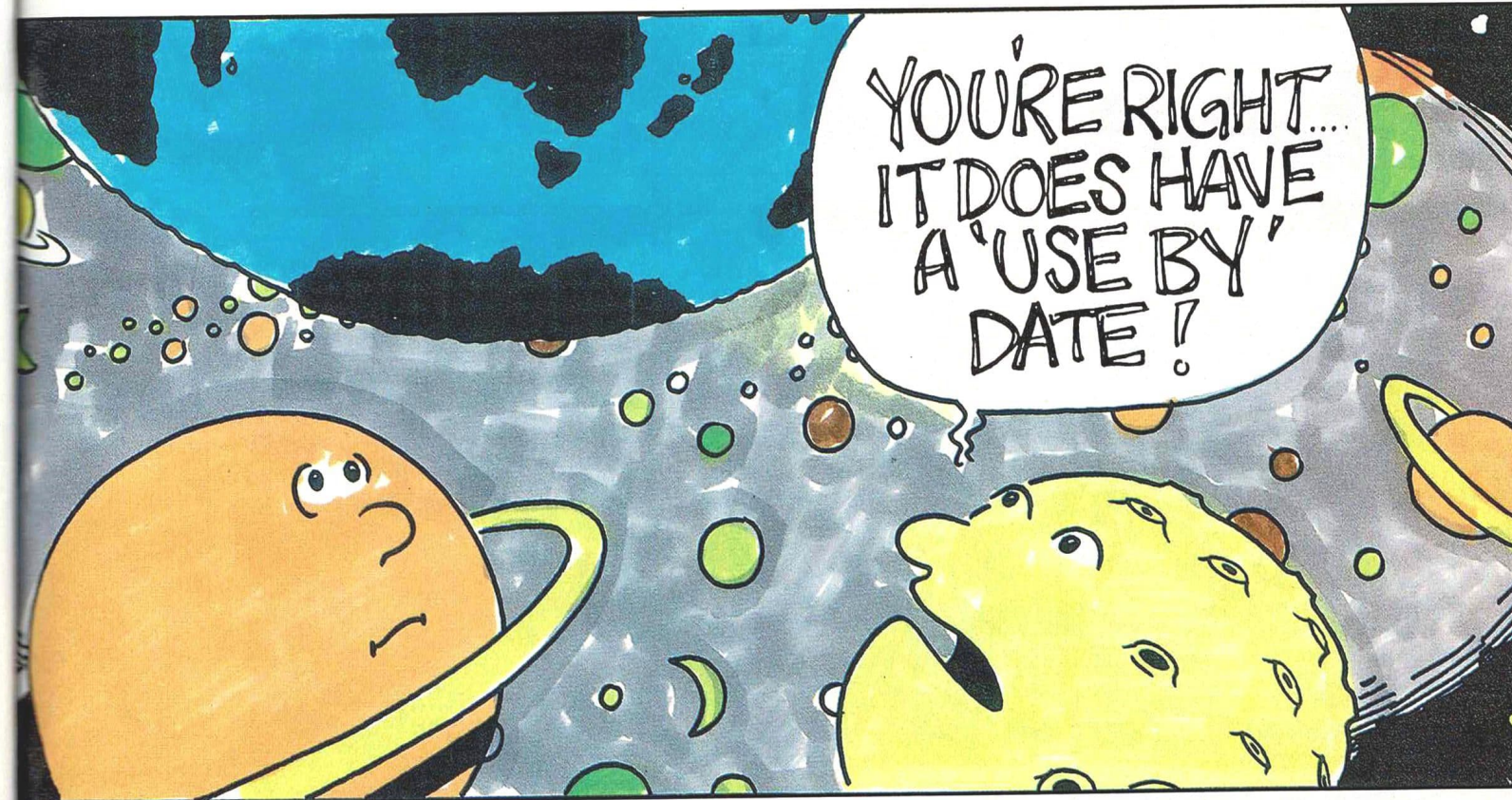
like a less than irate Spy vs Spy, they also throb with the dull edge of a Big Storm. "Justify yourself" indeed.

To those only familiar with **Paul Grabowsky** as the "jazz Geoff Harvey" of late-night TV, be warned. There is an intensely locquacious and improvisational jazz musician behind his suit and headphones as musical director of the *Steve Vizard Show*. *Ox 3* (Spiral Scratch) is the required half-dozen from his trio. The empathy displayed unashamedly flaunts their five years together — modern jazz of a style not often successfully recorded in this country.

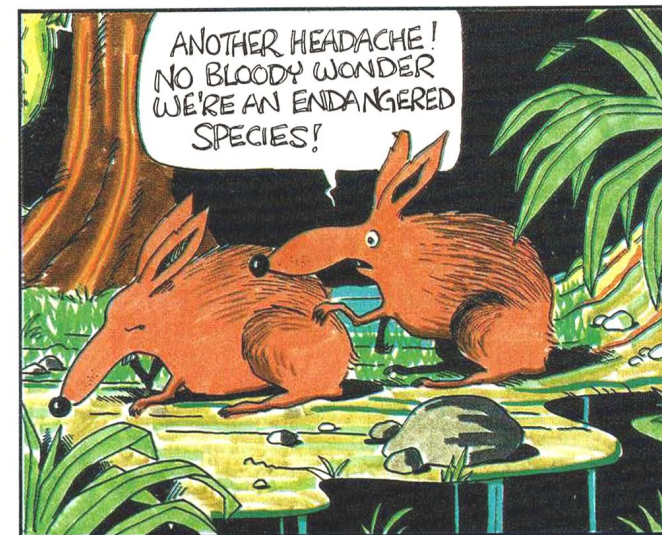
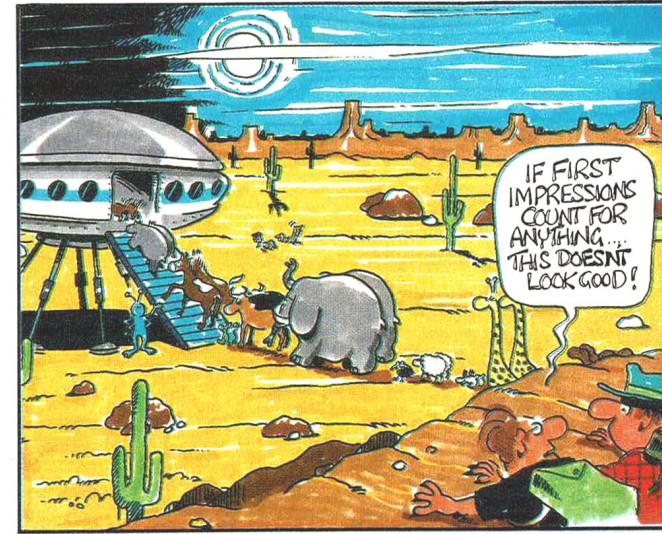
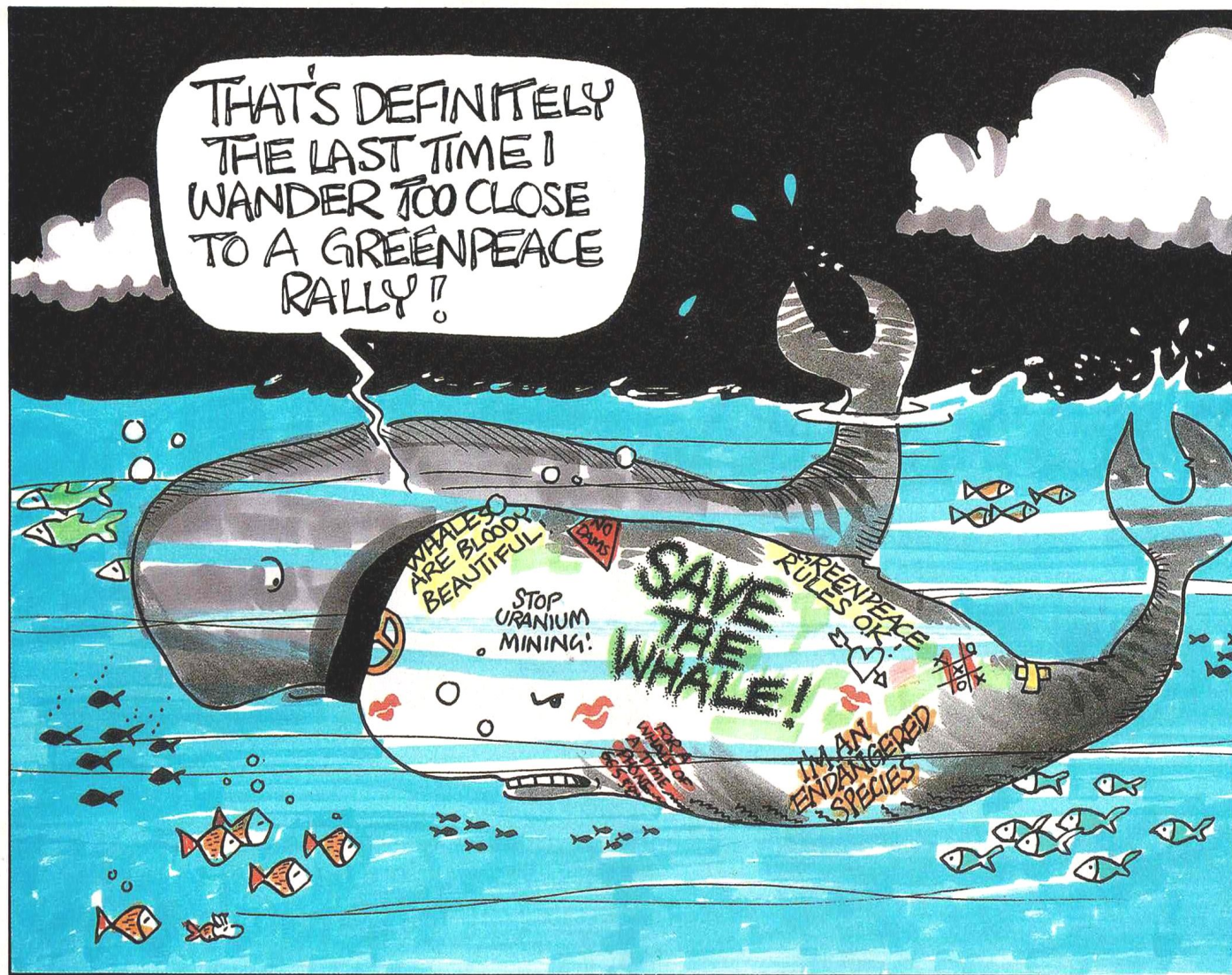
Johnny Clegg (a white South African very in-tune with Zulu ways) and his band **Savuka** bring more techno-pop production values to their own view of this *Cruel, Crazy, Beautiful World* (EMI). The unmistakable presence of defiant sentiment and singing makes it a very South African album — "Don't let us slip back into the dark." — **Jeremy Cook** ○—

HOW

GREEN IS MY PLANET?



A CARTOON FEATURE BY MARK LYNCH



WHEELS

Continued from page 62

Goldstar BSAs. In most instances, they were a sportier model of that particular range of motorcycle. Not cheap, but certainly affordable — no-one thought of them as investments in those days. Hunt down one of these models today and you won't get much change out of ten grand. Unearthing one will be difficult, in some instances impossible, but the real problems will begin when you try to persuade the owner to part with his pride and joy.

In the Sixties, the early Honda four-cylinder 750s, Norton's Commando, Triumph Bonevilles and BMWs rate a mention. The Hondas were fast and stopped well, although they didn't always want to follow the road around corners. Compared with the twin-cylinder machines they were flashy. There was no thought of K1 and K2

"An old Harley — indeed almost any Harley — will maintain its value if you look after it."

Hondas being an investment. The 750 got thrashed and abused as any hack invariably is. An early K1 or K2 will cost you around \$3000 in good nick, and more if it's standard, which will be difficult as the mufflers rusted and were usually replaced by after-market four-into-one systems. Norton Commandos (early Seventies with Combat motor) and 1968 Triumph Bonneville are also rare and collectable if they have survived the rigors of life on the road.

Other desirables from Britain include the famous Vincents, especially the V-twins. In the Fifties these machines created a precedent when the 1000cc Black Shadow was issued with a factory guarantee that it would achieve 125 miles per hour. These and the less sporting Rapides are sought by many and owned by few, with the starting price well past \$20,000. The V-twins had a smaller brother, the Comet, which is collectable but not as favored as the V-twins... although a Grey Flash model was recently advertised for an astonishing 29,000 pounds in the UK.

The Italian marques have produced some stunning motorcycles both in terms of performance and appearance. The early Ducati 750SS (especially the Green frame model) is coveted, along with the later 900SS. I remember considering the purchase of a brand new one of these in 1982 for \$5700. Starting money for a good example would now be well over \$10,000, and for a pristine one, name your price. The lesser 750 Sport attracts collectors and the later 900S2/1000S2s have more than held their own. Later V-twins such as

the 650 Pantah are also worth considering — a case of the last of the model being the biggest and very best.

Laverdas have produced good machines but their bodywork and finish deteriorate, reducing their appeal. Still, early 750SFCs, the RGS Corsa of 1984 and the 1200 SFC of 1986 are worthy of consideration. Expect to pay \$6000 to \$12,000 if you can find machines that have been looked after. Their motors are almost indestructible.

Those who remember the era of 500cc international road racing prior to the Japanese dominance may recall the name MV Augusta. These bikes are almost unobtainable in this country — and very expensive. I was fortunate to ride an MV750 American Sport last year — a brilliant machine which is slow by today's standards but beautifully engineered and finished. The howl of an MV ridden in anger is guaranteed to stir the soul. Wonderful stuff. The bike in question would sell for more than 35 grand overseas, but even the 350cc and the 250cc are returning \$10,000 to \$20,000. Parts are almost impossible to buy, but still the magic is there.

Germany offers BMW, one of the oldest manufacturers of motorcycles. Favored machines include the R69S (\$8000), R50S (\$7000), R75/5 (\$3000), R90S (\$4000) and R100RS (\$7000, pre-1983). Some will be easier to find than others. Low mileage examples do exist — it's simply a case of finding them.

Other BMWs will do, provided frame and engine numbers match and the bikes haven't been modified (usually shock absorbers, mud guards or seats). With these criteria satisfied, they are likely to hold their value or appreciate. The benefits of improvement during long model runs assist the BMW collector. The first of the model, for example the R90S or the R100RS, may not be the best, but they represent milestones for motorcycling as the first production bikes with fairings.

From the land of the Stars and Stripes comes the Milwaukee Iron — Harley Davidson. An old Harley — indeed almost any Harley — will maintain its value if you look after it. Superglides, Sportsters... there's a list as long as your arm. Once again, starting money is going to be in excess of \$10,000. However, sit tight, ride carefully, maintain diligently and you will not regret your choice. The tip is that any evolution bike made after 1984 is a sure investment in standard trim. For example, 1986 883 Sportsters sell for more than their new price. Softails which cost \$9000 in 1984 now bring \$12,000.

So there's the drum on classic motorcycles. Those in the know will lament the omission of the BSA Rocket 3, the Triumph Hurricane and other hybrids from the English factories. Good stuff if you can get it, but latching on to an original that hasn't been tinkered with is like trying to find the proverbial hen's tooth. 



Photo Courtesy Two Wheels

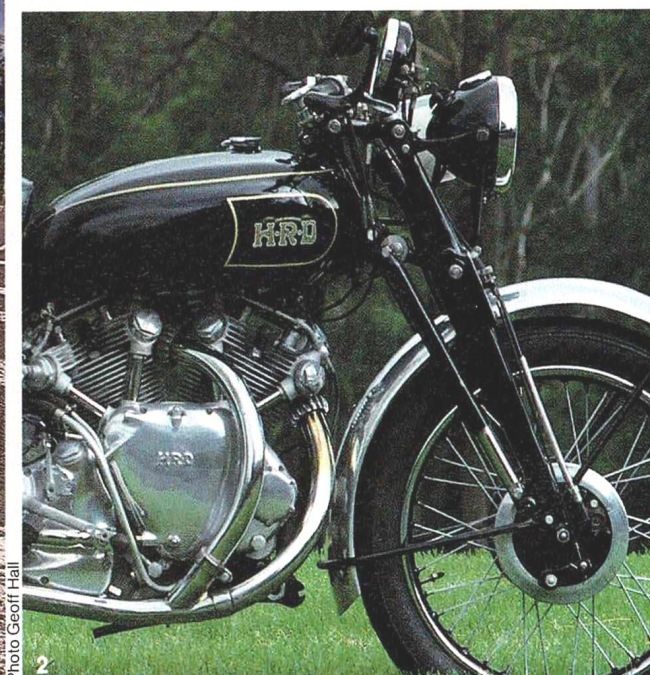


Photo Geoff Hall



Photo Geoff Hall

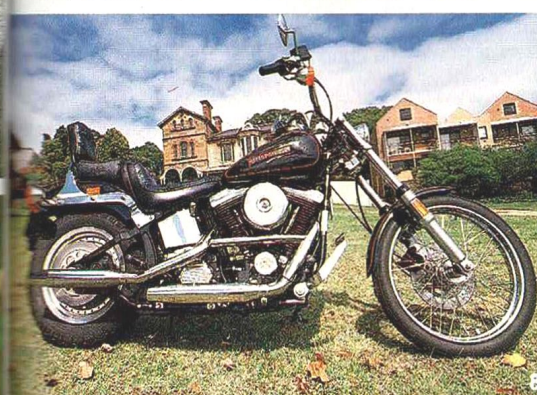


Photo Geoff Hall

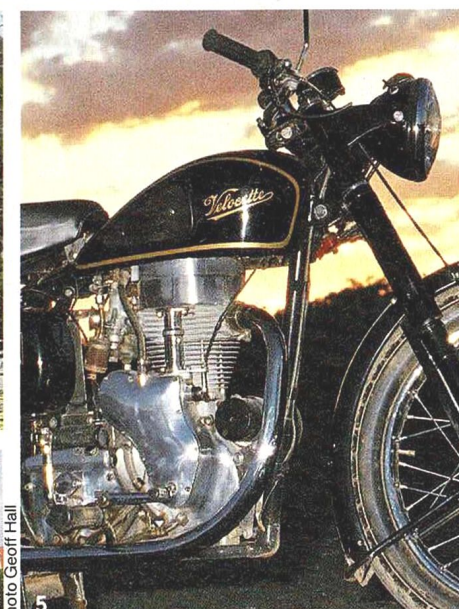


Photo Geoff Hall

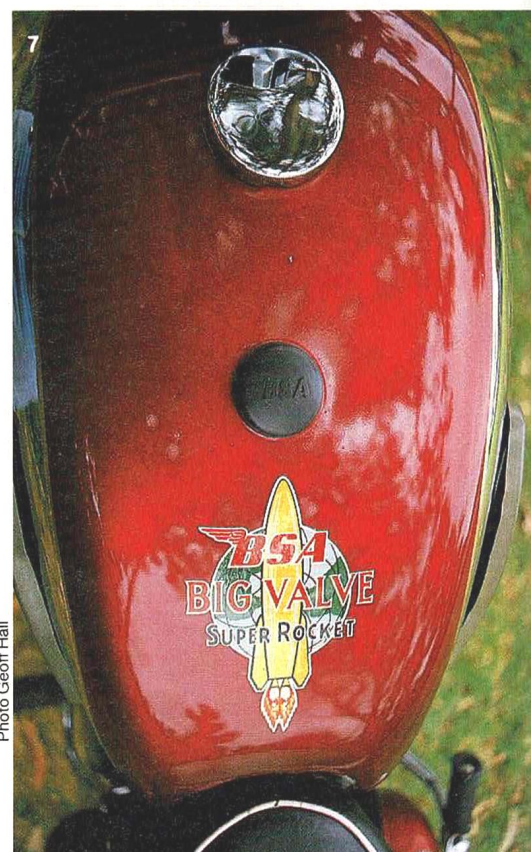
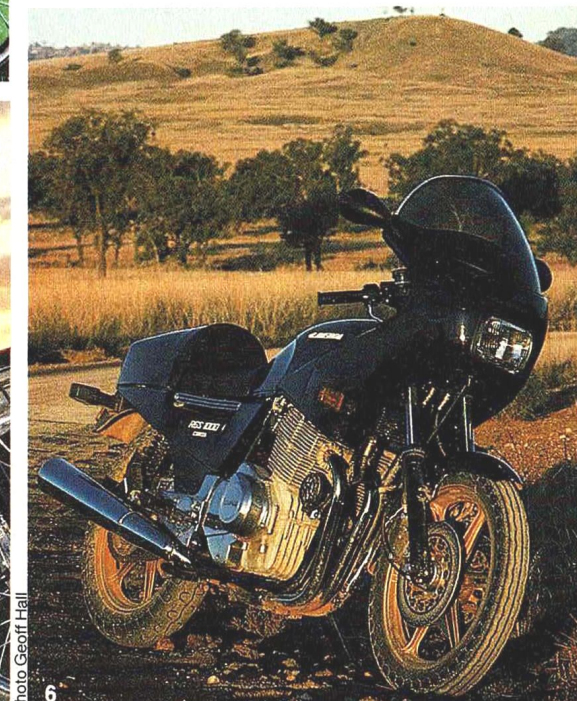


Photo Geoff Hall



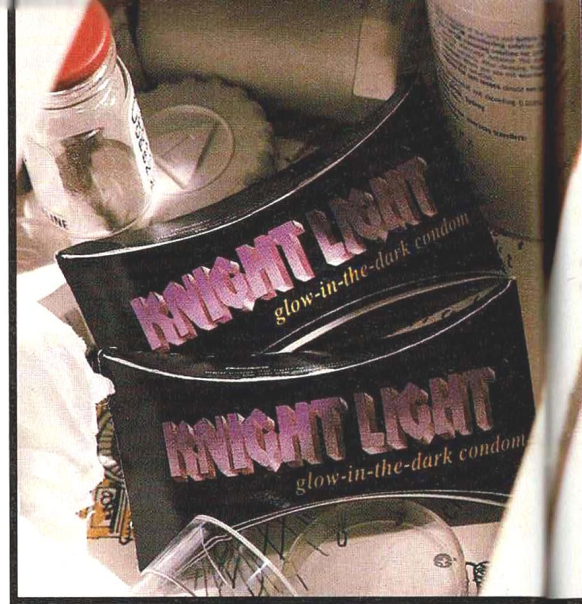
Photo Courtesy Two Wheels

1. Triumph Hurricane — top Trumpy.
2. 1949 HRD Vincent Rapide C — owned by few.
3. Ducati 900S2 — holding its own.
4. MV Augusta 750 American Sport — almost unobtainable.
5. Velocette — racing special.
6. Laverda RGS 1000 Corsa — motor almost indestructible.
7. BSA Super Rocket — sportier model.
8. Harley Davidson Softail — any Harley'll do.
9. AJS — rare racing special.
10. Z1300 Kawasaki — classic early superbike.

LOOSE ENDS

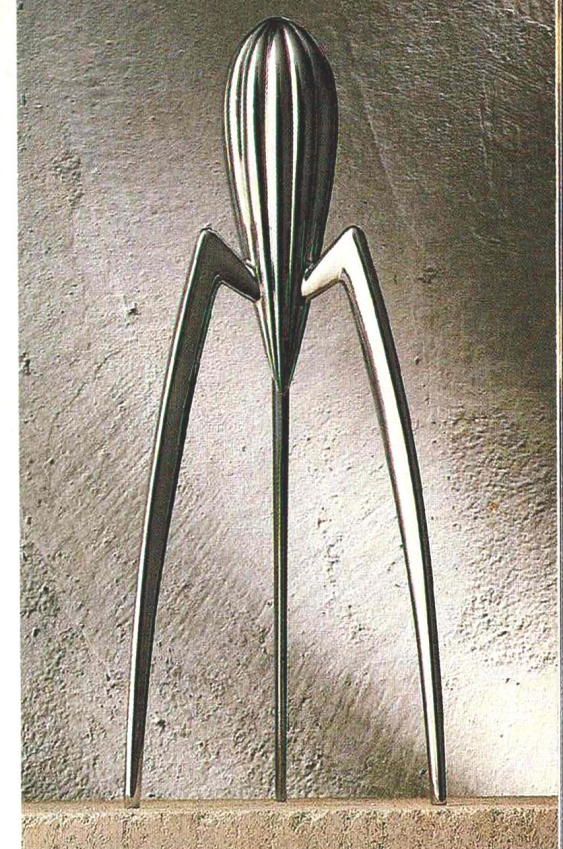
Rise 'n' shine

Talk about lighting your way through the Gates of Paradise. A new recruit to the ranks of condoms available in Australia is Knight Light, a glow-in-the-dark number made of luminous latex which its manufacturer, Custom Condoms, claims is "100 percent non-toxic and completely safe to use without any messy residue." Despite the fact that it's currently being marketed as a novelty item, the Knight Light is an approved condom which should be used with a lubricant. Knight Lights retail for \$4.95 each. For stockists, call Double Exposure on (02) 713 1669 or toll-free (008) 26 9924.



Dermablend may be the only acceptable make-up for men. Ideal for concealing scars, birthmarks and tats, it's light, non-greasy and natural-looking, unlike some other concealers that can look caked and mask-like. Dermablend is also very easy to apply, blends smoothly and easily, and one shade works for most skin tones. Used with a setting powder, it's water and perspiration-proof. Ranging in price from \$19.95 to \$29.95, Dermablend products are available in larger department stores and pharmacies, or phone Numedic on (03) 500 0545 for stockists.

COVER UP



THE JUICE

Hailed as a modern classic from the world-famous Italian design house of Alessi, this unearthly-looking item is in fact a citrus squeezer. It was designed by Philippe Stark, acclaimed French creative genius, and released worldwide this year amid predictions that it will become a collector's item. Cast in aluminium, with thermoplastic rubber feet, it is, like all products that bear the Alessi name, as functional as it is eye-catching. For stockists Australia-wide, phone G. & C. Ventura Pty Ltd on (02) 555 7277.



MARTINI TIME

The famous Martini range of vermouths offer a multitude of sophisticated thirst-quenching possibilities now that the warmer days of spring are nigh. Martini Bianco, Martini Rosso or Martini Extra Dry can be poured over ice with a slice of lemon and enjoyed straight. Or for something a little more exotic you may try one of the following suggestions:

MANUELA — ½ Martini Dry, ½ Gordon's Gin, ½ Martini Rosso, two drops Angostura Bitters and a few drops of cognac. Prepare in a mixing glass, pour into cocktail glasses and decorate with yellow cherries.

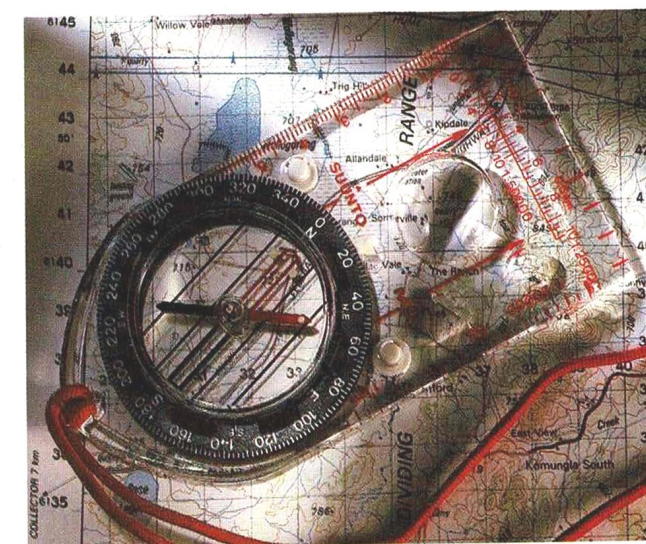
ROB ROY — ½ Johnnie Walker Red, ½ Martini Bianco, one drop Angostura Bitters. Pour over ice and garnish with cherries.

AFFINITY — ½ Johnnie Walker Red, ¼ Martini Extra Dry, ¼ Martini Rosso, two drops Angostura Bitters. Mix and serve.



Botanical bop

Rock N' Amigo is one pal who won't let you down when you feel in a party mood. Just switch up the music, switch on your Amigo and he'll groove all night in sync to the beat. One of the hits of the 1990 Toy Fair at Darling Harbour, Rock N' Amigo is a mechanical cactus wearing blue shades, a yellow sombrero and a banjo strung around his neck. And if that sounds weird, he's got enough moves programmed into his supple little bod to blow John Travolta clean off the dance floor. Along with fellow rockin' relations, Musican and Rock N' Ridikulous, he's a hard act to follow. But beware of cheap (and illegal) imitations — if it's not a Takara product, it's a fake. Rock N' Amigo retails for \$49.95, and along with other Takara dancing plants is available from Granny May's, Funtastique, Tower Gifts and Toyworld stores.



magnetic ATTRACTION

bearing features two holes for control marking, a four-fold magnifying glass, metric and imperial rulers, plus map reading scales. Luminous markings on the capsule permit direction finding in the dark, and the bezel ring comes in yellow or black with blue or clear grips. The Sportsman M-3 retails for \$22.50 and is available from Outdoor Survival on (03) 793 4288.

Birds find their way with their instinctive navigational sense; peregrinating humans need compasses, and if they're smart they'll choose one made by Suunto. One of the world's leading manufacturers of precision instruments, Suunto designs compasses for hikers, orienteers, divers and sailors. But for the non-specialist Suunto recommends its Sportsman M-3. It has a large, easy-to-read capsule, withstands temperature extremes, has a self-cleaning bearing and its notched capsule is easy to turn in winter. The

RED EYE

Whether you're a cat burglar or just prone to James Bond 007 fantasies, Tekna's Private Eye flashlight is just the ticket for those occasions when you need a bright light undercover. Its powerful red LED concentrates light where you need it most without the harsh glare of white lights, and is described by Tekna as being "just like the red lights used by pilots to read their instrument panels." Only 4cms long and weighing in at just 23 grams (including two 1.5 volt alkaline batteries), it will fit on your keyring and sit comfortably in your pocket. Made of durable titanium, Private Eye is claimed to be virtually indestructible, and as such is backed by Tekna's life-time warranty. Private Eye retails for \$20.95 and is available from Outdoor Survival on (03) 793 4288



LOOSE ENDS

WIN A JOVAN GIFT PACK

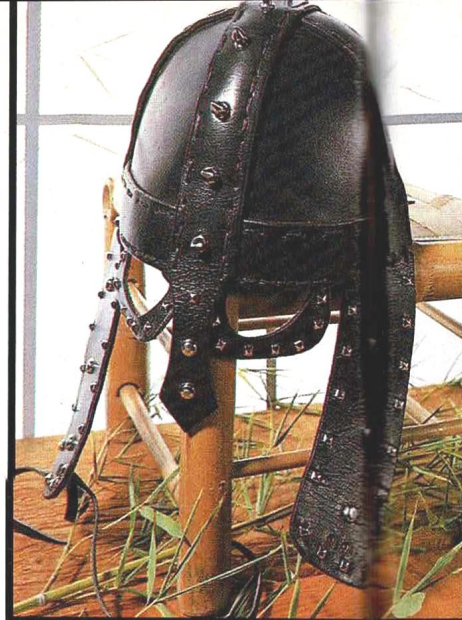
In order to ascertain the answer to that old perplexing chestnut: "What is sexy?", Jovan, makers of the very popular Musk fragrance ranges for men and women, recently commissioned a survey. Results revealed that the eyes have it, with 27 percent of male and female respondents listing eyes, particularly baby blues, as the sexiest attraction in the opposite sex. Chests (22 percent) and smiles (21 percent) also made a bold showing. A slim majority of gentlemen (51 percent) still prefer blondes, according to the survey, while the ladies showed a preference for darker tresses (39 percent for brown hair, 34 percent for black). Ah, but here's the rub — 84 percent of women and 81 percent of men reckoned the opposite sex was more attractive when wearing aftershave or perfume. Thus, to lift the sex appeal of *Penthouse* readers, Jovan is offering 25 packs of men's and women's Jovan Musk



fragrances. To win a Jovan prize, simply write to: JOVAN COMPETITION, *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. Write your name and address on the back of your envelope. Winners will be the first 25 entries drawn. Entries close last mail on Friday, September 14.

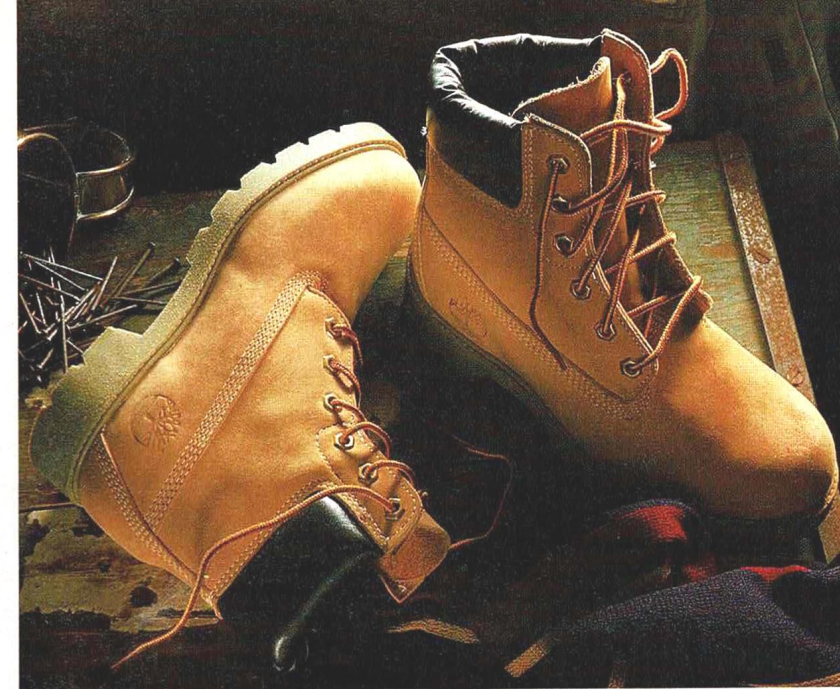
turning japanese

Anyone who ever watched *Shintaro* or *The Phantom Agents* knows that ninjas were secret agents under the orders of feudal lords in Japan. Their mission was to seek out and eliminate enemy leaders. It was a tough life, chucking starknives and leaping backwards up into trees. For those who like a bit of roleplaying, or followers of *ninjit-su* (the art of the ninja), this rather evil-looking replica of the traditional ninja helmet may be just the ticket. Made of leather, with hinged ear flaps, nose and eye protectors and metal studs across the crown, the helmets are available in small, medium and large. Prices range from \$160 to \$200, from Howard Silver & Sons, (02) 211 5500.



Now here are some accessories for the Real Man. There's nothing feminine about these detailed American imported belt buckles. They're ALL BLOKE. According to importer Allan Halls, the Taiwanese and the Koreans have tried to make 'em, but no-one makes buckles like the Great American Buckle Company of Chicago and a handful of other dedicated good ol' boy specialists across the States. And the prices are reasonable, to say the least. Die-cast unpainted jobs sell for \$19.95, while the hand-enamelled beauties go for \$25. Halls has a range of 600 buckles, as well as

THE BOOT



Lightweight, warm and guaranteed waterproof — you'd be pushing it uphill to find a better hiking boot than the Timberland 6" Premium Sports Boot. It features full-grain silicone impregnated waterproof leathers, "thinsulate" insulation for warmth, a luxurious glove-leather lining and padded leather collar, and the eyelets are solid brass so they won't rust or fall out. Timberland hype their wares with the slogan "More Quality Than You May Ever Need" and retail this particular model for \$349. For stockists in your state phone Beattie Matheson Australia on (03) 690 7866.

BLOKE APPEAL

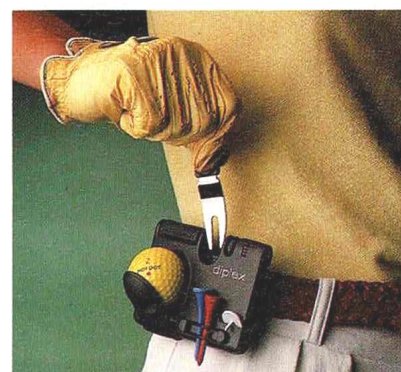
a wide selection of skull jewellery, Harley-Davidson accoutrements, bolo ties and more. For info and catalogues, call him at Roadshow Variety Products on (02) 630 7765.



Fairway Favorite

Caddies are great for those who can afford them, but for the rest of us there always come those moments when, short of balls or tees, we're forced to rummage ungainfully through a chaotic bag full of the detritus of golfing summers past. Well, rummage no more: Kakuri's Golf Tool lets you keep your act together. It curves to your body, clips to your belt and contains a green fork (for demanding divots), gimlet (for hard or

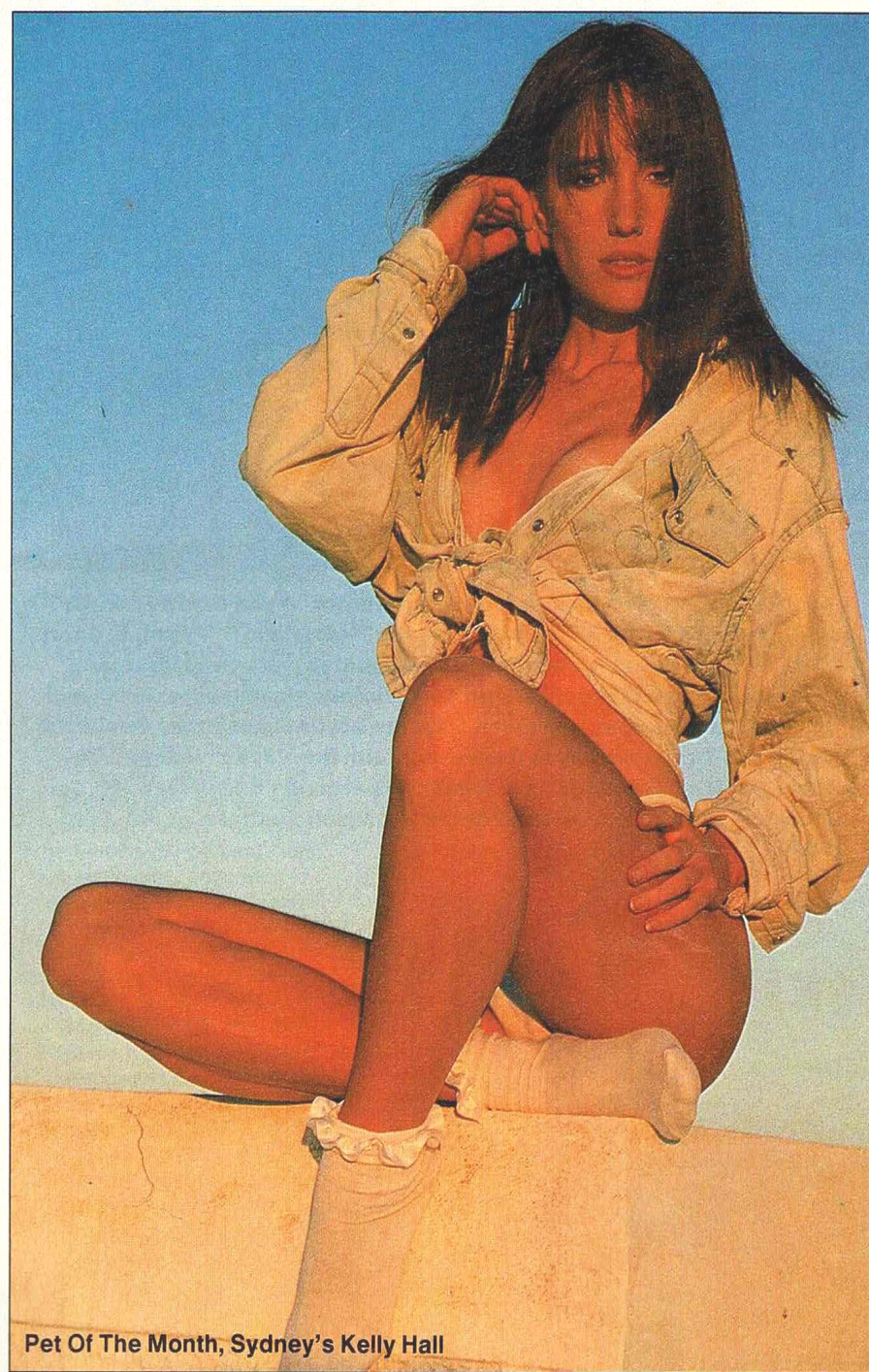
iced tee ground), ballpoint pen (for scorekeeping), brush (for cleaning club faces), spring-tensioned ball holder and mark holder. Golf Tool may not improve your game but is guaranteed to do wonders for your state of mind. It costs \$52 and is available from Remo, Oxford Street, in Sydney.



THE GOOD LIFE

Australians now have the chance to show the world that they know best how to enjoy the good life. The Ballantine's Scotch Whisky International Photographic Award, recognised for the past seven years as one of the world's leading photographic competitions for amateurs and professionals alike, has been extended to include Australia. And, as well as the ultimate chance to win a round the world trip for two valued at \$20,000 and substantial cash prizes, Australian entrants are in the running for top Polaroid prizes locally before their entries are sent to London for the final judging. Entry is simple — you just submit your personal photographic interpretation of "The Good Life." The best entry from each Australian state will win a \$600 Polaroid Spectra-Pro camera and five-pack of instant film. Runners-up will win five-packs of Polaroid's new High Definition 35mm film. Full details of the competition are available on special necktagged bottles of Ballantine's available in bottle shops now.





Pet Of The Month, Sydney's Kelly Hall

A QUICK PEEK AT OCTOBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Doctor Sex — How common is the sexual exploitation of patients by their doctors? The Complaints Unit of the NSW Health Department is currently investigating ten sexual complaints against doctors, including three psychiatrists. *October Penthouse* investigates this breach of the medical code in a hard-hitting story which concludes that sexual violations are an under-reported and serious dilemma for the medical profession.

Sumo — As far as the rest of the world is concerned, Japan's national sport is a bit of a giggle. But times are changing. The unique spectacle of the bizarre contact sport of Sumo wrestling is starting to appeal to Westerners. Find out why next month.

The Singles Scene — It's not so sexy to be single in the Nineties. That's the conclusion Jean Norman came to after surveying the singles scene for *Australian Penthouse*. Ms Norman went looking for Mr Right in the newspaper classifieds, introduction agencies and singles bars. Find out how she fared next month.

Pet Of The Month — Sydney-sider Kelly Hall is 21 and going places. Our elegant Pet Of The Month is an aspiring actress and dancer with an eye-catching act on stage. Make a date with Kelly in *October Australian Penthouse*.

blast-off!

Continued from page 90

range. And unlike a turbo, it presents no time lag between nailing the throttle and getting a response.

This story hasn't set out to highlight the deficiencies of turbocharging which in appropriate applications has merit. Supercharging, though, is currying favor because of certain advantages. Because the supercharger is driven at only twice the speed of the car's engine, it is not as stretched as a turbo. Superchargers don't generate anywhere near the heat of the frantically spinning turbos either. Cooler, denser air means more power. Lower boost pressure is another reason why superchargers are showing no signs of unreliability. At five pounds boost pressure, they're certainly not unduly stressed. And there's no need for decompression plates or dished pistons to lower the engine's static compression.

Fuel usage, the boffins assure us, won't increase if a supercharged vehicle is driven normally. However, a driver using all of the machine's performance potential will get a nasty surprise when he checks the consumption. Old adage: you get nothing for nothing.

The superchargers are not available across the counter. Wisely, Sprintex isn't too excited about the prospect of enthusiastic but primitive backyarders having a go at fitting a sophisticated piece of hardware. The only way to secure this blower (also available for Holden Commodore V6, EA Ford Falcon, and Nissan Skyline and soon for the GQ Nissan Patrol and 80-series LandCruiser) is to go through an authorised fitting station.

The installation is a work of art. Neat as a pin. And of course it doesn't require surgery on the engine itself. All the doctoring is superficial. The alternator must be relocated and plumbing is quite extensive. The supercharger itself is mounted off brackets attached to the cylinder head and timing case on the left side of the Range Rover V8.

Other work includes the fitment of a different throttle body and two auxiliary injectors, operated by a supplementary computer inside the vehicle. Finally, the freshly supercharged engine is set up on a dyno and adjusted to run at its optimum.

Price for an installed Range Rover kit is not cheap: \$7250. However, the Sprintex people claim virtually maintenance-free operation and back their product and installation with a six-month/10,000 km warranty. Periodic servicing should be limited to lubricant checks every 10,000 kms (each blower has its own miniature oil sump) and replacement of seals every 100,000 to 125,000 kms.

It's a small inconvenience for Range Rover owners intent on showing those downmarket LandCruisers and Patrols the fast way to the polo grounds. 

Proud ambassadors to 24 countries.

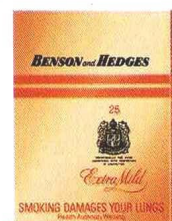
If you're lucky enough
to stay at New York's Plaza Hotel
or The Ritz in London,
you'll find Australia's Rosemount
listed alongside
other great wines of the world.
And if you live in Australia,
you're just as lucky.



ROSEMOUNT ESTATE. THE PRESTIGE WINE OF AUSTRALIA.

"It'll take them years to figure out who built all this!"

"I Know."



SMOKING REDUCES YOUR FITNESS*

Health Authority Warning

*Packaging warning required by Government regulation.

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